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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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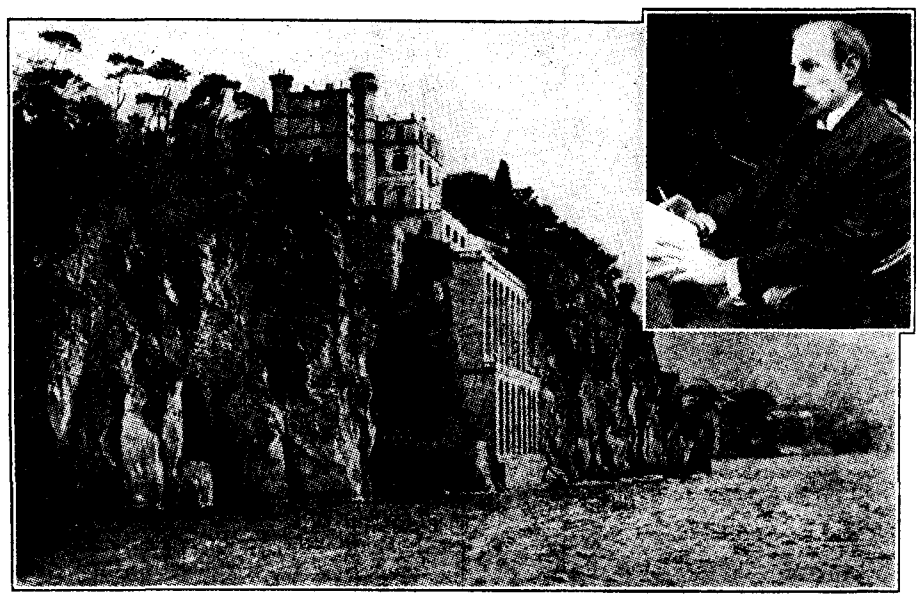

SANT' ANGELO DI SORRENTO, WHERE F. MARION CRAWFORD (INSET) DID MUCH OF HIS WRITING

*Pictures from "Roman Spring" and "My Cousin, F. Marion Crawford."*

## A Cosmic Nightmare

*BLACK MONASTERY. By Aladar Kuncz. Translated from the Hungarian by Ralph Murray. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE Hungarian, Aladar Kuncz, had come to Paris like myriads of other young writers and painters. He regarded himself as a decadent, wished to worship Mauras, Mallarmé, and Verlaine. He wore a monocle and drank absinthe. The war caught this sentimental and harmless young foreigner up as a wind might whirl a dry leaf and flung him into an internment camp. For more than four years, until the April after the Armistice, in fact, he was dragged through a nightmare of imprisonment which couldn't have been worse if it had been reserved for the worst of France's enemies—if he had been caught poisoning wells or had invented the Big Bertha.

It would be unfair, doubtless, to blame "France" or "the French" for what Kuncz and his compatriots suffered. The French were fighting for their lives, nobody of importance could be bothered with a herd of civilian prisoners marooned somewhere in an old island fortress. It was just one of those things which happened in various parts of Europe—hideous suffering inflicted simply because nobody in authority gave the order that would have stopped it, because those immediately in charge were the incompetents or worse who could be spared from more indispensable tasks.

I must confess to beginning Kuncz's story with a certain impatience. After all the other horrors, past and present, after war books and plays, Bolshevik, Nazi, and other terrors, who, in 1934, wishes to go back to the woes of the inmates of a French internment camp? All war prisons, including those of our own Civil War, are hells for those shut up in them—and so what? But if you start the book with any such feeling, it will, I think, disappear, if not before, then in the latter half, when, after two years in the island fortress of Noirmoutier, "not eighty men but one man" (so impersonal had common misery made them) were transferred to the worse trials of the Citadel of Ile D'Yeu. As the little steamer pushed through the gray seas,

> we were one single, swimming, aching slave-song. A mourning-veil swept away on the waves of the sea. So iden-

(*Continued on page* 112)

## The Memoirs of a Delightful Circle

*MY COUSIN, F. MARION CRAWFORD. By Maud Howe Elliott. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1934. $2.50.

*ROMAN SPRING. By Mrs. Winthrop Chanler. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* 1934. $3.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD, the half-brother of Mrs. Winthrop Chanler and the cousin of Maud Howe Elliott, was born in Bagni di Lucca, Italy, in 1854. He was the son of Thomas Crawford, an American sculptor of note who had taken up residence in Rome, then the art center of the world, and of Louisa Ward, who some time after his death married a second expatriate, his intimate friend, Luther Terry, a painter with a modest reputation. Mrs. Crawford was the sister of Julia Ward Howe and of Samuel Ward, son-in-law of Astor, bon vivant, wise and courteous gentleman, and most devoted of relatives, the beloved "Uncle Sam" of both these narratives. Possessed of money, position, good looks, and character the Crawford, and later the Crawford-Terry, family became a center for Americans in Rome and attracted to itself the distinguished of all nations.

From his childhood on Marion, "the darling of the gods," as his sister, Margaret Terry Chanler, calls him, was the center of the family pride. Magnificent in physique, with clear-cut features, golden hair, and brilliant blue eyes, he was as gifted as he was handsome. An education begun in Italy, and continued in Germany, England, and America, left him with an equipment of languages which few could boast. Italian he spoke so perfectly that when on one occasion late in his life he apologized to a group of Italian literati for the imperfections of an address delivered in a foreign tongue the room rang to laughter and cries of "Non è vero!" Earlier he had been a member of the German Artist Club in Rome for six months before the other artists discovered that he was not a German; he could pass for a Frenchman with equal ease; he knew Russian, Norwegian, and Spanish, Latin and Greek, Sanskrit, and several modern Oriental languages, and when for a time he lived in India, editing a paper in Allahabad, he kept his diary in Urdu. With all

(*Continued on page* 110)

## Rereading Matthew Arnold

BY LOUIS KRONENBERGER

IN a fragmentary, not very acute essay where Arnold divides the honors with Pater, T. S. Eliot speaks of a "revival of interest in Arnold in our time." To me, no such revival seems in the air. Not that Arnold is forgotten or in any danger of being forgotten; he is rooted too firmly in the tradition of English criticism and English letters; and so great was his influence formerly that, if we did nothing at all but seek to destroy it, Arnold still would survive, as a kind of historical figure, past our own lifetime. But I have no feeling that Arnold, today, is drawn into the main currents of our thinking; I should rather say that he remains alive in the thinking of a few enthusiasts, and as a valuable footnote in the book of general culture. He is not forgotten; but no one can say that anything vital revolves around him.

That, as Eliot goes on to say, "we go to Arnold for refreshment . . . but not as disciples," will accordingly, I think, be granted. We simply cannot go to him as disciples, for of what he preached half is so self-evidently true as to be trite, and half so self-evidently inadequate as to be useless. Arnold was never a close or original thinker: he was a popularizer of thought, an embalmer of previous thinking. He stood, not for a knowledge of things, but for a way of life; and regardless of the facts, he wanted that way of life preserved, or rather restored—but not replaced. It was a way of life that had been much fractured and interrupted by the upheavals—intellectual, social, political—of the nineteenth century; but in Arnold's time it was still just feasible enough to be worth fighting for. In Arnold's time it was still possible that persuasion might bring about results; and in that sense Arnold's message, though vague, still had a point to it, still possessed an objective.

Today, of course, it has been put *hors concours;* today there is no chance of specifically applying Arnold's principles to our living, so that Arnold today has no real disciples and can have none. Nineteenth century liberalism (by which Arnold meant philistinism) is all one today with "the democracy" (by which Arnold meant escape from philistinism); the one like the other offers no tangible hopes. For a system of living can no longer be replaced by an ideal; it can only be replaced by another system. We can see now that all Arnold really demanded was a cultural program for the individual; he wanted more enlightenment for the soul's sake, not for society's. He wanted philistinism destroyed because it corrupted taste, vulgarized art, shackled intellectual progress; and not because, more widely applied, it throttled freedom of speech and action, imposed its will upon minorities, covered up what it did not want to look at, and (after setting up its own selfish morality) dispensed with ethics. No doubt in most conflicts Arnold was on the side of the angels; but they were angels in heaven and not on earth.

In every man's life there is one special struggle between darkness and light, and in Arnold's it was a struggle between what the mind perceived and the temperament desired. Dr. Arnold's son was a child of the tight English past, and the way of life he inherited—pious, conservative, upper middle-class, free-but-unequal—was a way of life which in its pure, uncorrupted state he appreciated. He had, however, a vigorous mind and a considerable conscience, and he could not help perceiving all that was wrong with his inheritance. He wanted to believe and could not; he wanted to preserve the discarded cultural mold, but saw how much bigotry and rottenness it entailed. So he remained religious without a faith and conservative in temperament though liberal in thought. But he could never really accept the scientific attitude, nor even the importance of science in the modern world. It was inevitable, then, that he should cling to something not wholly discredited as a way of life: and he made a religion of Culture. "The best that has been known and thought" became his guide in life, his watchword for guiding others. He knew that to retreat was intellectually dishonest; but let us not advance, he seems always to be saying, at the expense of the past; let us keep as much of the past as we decently can.

So Arnold became that elastic and slippery thing, a humanist. The fruits of culture, the distilled experience of others, the counsel and wisdom of the great teachers and thinkers of past times were what gave impulse and direction to his own life, his own teaching and thinking; and the anthology that he formed out of other men's books is Arnold's final word on how to live. Philosophically he has nothing to add; it is only temperamentally that here and there he contributes a crumb of his own. He criticized his predecessors, he rejected what he did not want from them; but he subsisted in them. They were never springboards to his own disclosures in thinking; they *were* his thinking. It was their ideas, their composite message, that he applied to whatever problems confronted him.

Carrying culture's lamp Arnold could

## This Week

INDIAN PATCHWORK
By EDWARD and MARY CHARLES
*Reviewed by Katherine Mayo*

ZAHAROFF: HIGH PRIEST OF WAR
By GUILES DAVENPORT
*Reviewed by Frank C. Hanighen*

ESKIMO YEAR
By GEORGE MIKSCH SUTTON
*Reviewed by Marie Ahnighito Peary*

NO MAN IS SINGLE
By STUART HAWKINS
*Reviewed by William Rose Benét*

NOW IN NOVEMBER
By JOSEPHINE JOHNSON
*Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie*

THE COLD JOURNEY
By GRACE ZARING STONE
*Reviewed by Elmer Davis*

WITHOUT GLOVES
By FRANK R. KENT
*Reviewed by Allan Nevins*

INTERVIEWS IN CAMERA
Photographs by ROBERT DISRAELI

SPANISH MAIN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

## Next Week or Later

FORTY-TWO YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE
By IRWIN H. (IKE) HOOVER
*Reviewed by William Allen White*

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not help being an agent of enlightenment, a warrior for righteousness. That is all to the good, as is also the fact that, though he preached perfection, he did not stand aloof. All the years that he preached he stood in the smoke of battle; he was intellectually the most admired and repudiated, the most vigorous and most fanciful, figure of his time. He was very much in earnest; and earnestness is easily ridiculed. But Arnold also had *presence*, a quality that for many years made him a match for those who sought to belittle him. Evangelical in tone Arnold may often have been, but he is always worldly in spirit: he was socially poised, he knew the ropes, he realized the prestige of the Arnold name, he lived in the drawing-room and the marketplace rather than the cloister. He had as much toughness as he had sensibility, and infinitely more arrogance than he had humility. He stands closest, among English critics, to Macaulay, in the ease with which he adjusted himself to affairs and the certainty with which he made use of his position; and though he was not so smug as Macaulay, nor so coarse, he was every inch as pontifical and upper-class. He had, to be accurate, almost no humility in him. For culture he had a profound respect, and he brings to such first-rate minds and first-rate literature as he truly understood, a fine responsiveness; but of his own place in the world he had not a single doubt. He felt unmistakably *called* to it; and his imperious manner brooks no disputing. In "On Translating Homer," for example, he fried Dr. Newman—who had ventured a translation—in oil; and when Newman replied to him, often pedantically but sometimes cogently and even irrefutably, Arnold rode roughshod over him in a second edict, saying sharply that knowing Greek was one thing and knowing poetry another. He was doubtless correct; the point is that it never occurred to him he might be wrong.

But for all the harm it did, for all the his cause might not seem to [illegible] hammered on. He was not a victim of self-pity or vague yearnings. His vigor never abated; his causes were never left without a defender. But unfortunately he did not demand enough of his generation to survive with reputation unimpaired; he did not even demand the most important things. From that standpoint, his vision strikes us now as obviously limited; and many times, furthermore, as in his discussion of religious and social problems, he was equally limited in knowledge, in practical foresight, and in the ability to think independently of his age. He was chiefly a popularizer, and a popularizer is most valuable for the light he casts at a particular moment. What really enhanced—and still, to a small degree, enhances—Arnold's prestige and success, was his personal vigor, his power of communication. To choose an example or two: he tried, as every one knows, to smoke out the devil of philistinism; he tried, as every one knows, to teach people to enrich and purify their inner lives. In each case he failed; but so valiant was the attempt that the world will not forget that he tried. But it will not forget, either, that he said "I do not wish to see men of culture entrusted with power"—and how hopelessly old-fashioned, how puristic and short-sighted is such a statement, which leaves a man the richer for renouncing temptation, and leaves the world forever in the hands of the incompetent and the unscrupulous. Nor will the world forget that he framed the words "Let me direct your attention to a reform in the law of bequest and entail" and then added: "One can hardly speak of such a thing [*i.e.*, the reform] without laughing." It is in such remarks as these that one grasps the smallness of Arnold's social vision, the academicism of his cultural ideal.

Nor did he himself do so much for culture as one might suppose. The reason, I suspect, is that he did not go to literature to find life in it: he went to find the peculiar beauty and truth in which the isolated spirit can bathe. He went to find how life should be lived, not how it is; and such idealism, even when earnestly pursued, soon becomes a form of escapism. In poetry Arnold sought the most sublimity, not the most meaning; a victim of the workaday world, he turned away from it with relief, and found a haven in literature, but not a signpost. He could appreciate literary qualities intensely and minutely, but not human qualities. He loved artistry and appreciated ideas; he cared little for realities, and even less for his fellow-man. As a result, whenever the question of form or style or wit or pure ethics enters into literature, he is enlightening; but the downright conflicts and actualities of life elude him. Those transcendent flashes of truth we catch in Coleridge's criticism, the special and fleeting insight of Lamb, the digestive, relevant grasp of Hazlitt, are all absent from Arnold. He was a fastidious man of letters: he was not a participating seer into life.

Yet in odd ways Arnold has left his signature upon our critical traditions. His memorable slogans, some of them worn so threadbare as to be worth only the sneers of an Edith Sitwell or a Lytton Strachey, bob up in other men's thinking and serve other men—for better or worse—as a *point d'appui*. He defined, for example, the grand style in poetry; and his definition survives. His "to see life steadily and see it whole" is still the aim of the cultivated eclectic, the modern-day humanist. He established, almost single-handed, a critical attitude toward Wordsworth which remains the prevailing one. As for his lifelong [illegible] outmoded, the fight against the thing goes on: it is unthinkable that without Arnold, Mencken would have skirmished in just the way he did against babbittry. And compared with Mencken's exuberant having-on of the booboisie, the net result of which was that anybody who read Mencken felt entitled to join in the laughter and felt immune from the indictment—compared with so snobbish and so frivolous a crusade, steeped in denunciation but innocent of purpose, Arnold's humorless but realistic fight against the children of darkness seems, even now, significant. For Arnold, at heart a snob, resisted the impulse to be snobbish in the desire to be helpful. He openly preached, where Mencken jested; but he saw, below the surface of narrow Victorian living, the social bigotry, the vulgar mercenary outlook, the middle-class callousness, the ruling-class ideology; and he knew, though not perhaps for the right reasons, how dangerous and insidious they were. Arnold had no political insight and, worse, he had no economic awareness: but in a world of principles (which did not exist, though Arnold thought it did) his campaigning would have made more sense than he realized. Mencken's policy of isolation would have seemed, to Arnold, immoral.

Most of us first read Arnold at the behest of English professors who, if any one is, are the true Arnoldians. He shares their academic spirit; and he is congenial to them through his program of vague but lofty aims, of invoking the pursuit of culture, of having a literary feeling for literature. Arnold is no old fogy, but even less is he a radical; his teaching is safe, salutary, highminded, and, in a tottering world, beside the point: but though in a tottering world it may be beside the point, it is also very agreeable, when you wish to remain aloof, to be exhorted to imbibe the ripe wisdom of the classics. But I started to say that most of us first read Arnold at the behest of English professors, which cannot help having left us with a second-hand, scholastic impression of him. Those of us who have reread him since, and who have reread him perhaps more than once, will not have found him stodgy. He remains excellent reading, if only because he writes so well, displays so much vigor, possesses so much cultivation. For any one with an appetite for belles lettres *qua* belles lettres Arnold still exerts great charm. We do not much mind that he misunderstood Shelley or overpraised Gray or that his Jouberts and George Sands are far smaller fry than he supposed: much finer literary critics, like Sainte-Beuve, much oftener went much wider of the mark. No: it will always be pleasant and, as Eliot put it, refreshing to read Arnold's strictly literary criticism. But if he turns out to be less the schoolmaster and moralist than our college memories would make us believe, and he still invites rereading, it remains true that, by and large, he is inadequate to our real needs for nourishment. He can satisfy hardly at all our selfish needs of growth and development: we have long since adopted or rejected all his ideas, all his premises and hypotheses and points of departure; we have long since grasped his point of view, his principles, his "humanism." And he can satisfy even problems that confront our world. We cannot learn from him which way to look in the present siege of turmoil, which stance to take with regard to a society we cannot, we dare not, ignore or hold at a distance. We fear he would advise us to take counsel of the classics, with their permanent, disinterested facettings of truth. It may not be advice to sneer at, but it is advice we cannot possibly accept. We fear he would tell us to reconcile harsh, dissonant factions through the medium of culture, of sweetness and light—an injunction as futile as prayer. The democracy he conceived of is impotent now and probably impotent forever; the aristocracy he believed in is irresponsible, selfish, and untrue to its name. Arnold was never a leader. Arnold was never a leader if only because he never understood the men he wished to lead: never visualized them, let alone had any feeling for their needs and aims. His ideal was patrician, isolate, individualist; it could only exist by turning its back on a corrupt society. Arnold, to do him justice, wanted society to participate in that ideal, and society's spokesmen to foster it. But even for Victorian England that was the wildest sort of vagary; today we might as sensibly seek the restoration of King Arthur and his knights. Arnold, it is plain, really looked back, not forward.

As time goes on the residuum in Arnold's pile will grow smaller and smaller. The social and religious elements, already dwindled to almost nothing, will go first, and go in their entirety; then much of the literary criticism will follow. What will remain in the end is Arnold's manner. That will last for a long time, to charm and enfold us; for purely as a writer Arnold had substantial talent.

MATTHEW ARNOLD
*From* Vanity Fair (*London,* 1871)

# Hindu India

*INDIAN PATCHWORK. By Edward and Mary Charles. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.*

Reviewed by KATHARINE MAYO

THIS book is an honest record of the observations and experience of two intelligent people, made while resident in India, under conditions of exceptional advantage. As such, and, be it marked, within its clearly declared limits, it is a contribution to the study of modern Hindu mentality as discovered through working issues in everyday life by the eyes and the impacts of a man temperamentally unsuited to his job.

It starts off with an incident so lurid, so grimly humorous, yet so true to life both in detail and in spirit, that it is bound to stir the memories of readers who know their Hindu India from its practical side. Thenceforward it unwinds a skein whose vitality never flags, from cover to cover.

The two young people who write the book, man and wife, had lived and worked in the Far East before they came to India, he to serve as principal of a large mixed Hindu-Muslim College. Their Indian stay was not long, but their experience was intensive, and they brought to it eager and realistic minds. This, and the great number of Indians, drawn from a wide geographic area and from a variety of conditions, who, whether as students, staff, or Indian directorate, passed under the principal's eyes, entitle his testimony to a careful hearing, whatever further comment may be made.

Edward Charles is essentially a man of integrity and loyalty. Having contracted, for so much per annum, to do certain work, he must give his employer the best that is in him or lose his own self-respect. When the choice is thrust upon him, he elects to save his self-respect, though by so doing he forfeits his livelihood. Had he been a Civil Servant of the Government of India, those same qualities of integrity [illegible] same frustration and heartbreaking discouragement. This because of the tradition built up by a long succession of predecessors who, faced by obstacles eternally the same, had faithfully disciplined their impatience, their natural anger at cruelty and indecency, their contempt of fraud and pretense, to meet the stern de-

# Warning in November

By RICHARD WARREN HATCH

NOW let the homing wild duck take
His flight in strictest fear
Of welcoming pool and lonely lake:
This is the time of year

When ponds are fringed with patient death;
The reed is bent to use
More subtle than its growing hath
Foreseen. And let the goose

Hold high the course of his wild wedge
Above the groundling's fate:
A shadow lurks behind the sedge
Which breeds a deeper hate

Than in the swift hawk's hungriest stoop.
Futility has sown
Its reckoning; and man must kill
The beauty not his own.

The uncreative soul must feed
On life; the empty heart
Turns from itself, its desperate need
Transformed, its secret art

Corrupt: these cannot longer bear
In silence their disease,
Nor face the autumn everywhere—
With cold hills and stark trees. . . .

*Beware, O wild things flying south!*
*Beware! I watch your flight!*
*Defeat is bitter in my mouth . . .*
*I fear the winter night. . . .*

*Oh, I have seen your wild hearts stilled,*
*And I have known your pain.*
*I have been empty . . . I have killed . . .*
*And I shall kill again. . . .*

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mands and farther purpose of the Service whose name they bore.

But Charles had not the moral challenge of a great tradition to support him—the challenge of a long line of good men gone before, whose work and name he must not let down. Charles was a free lance—an employee, largely, of private Indian capital. And before this book opens he has already found that in no direction evident to him can he fulfil his contract and honestly try to "deliver the goods" without arousing the opposition, even the enmity, of the party of the second part. Real work is not wanted of him, so much as collusion in setting up a false façade to cover purposes wholly unrelated to the task that he, in his inexperience, had believed himself engaged to perform. Outraged in every moral sense, disgusted, his nerves all on edge, he has reached, as the book begins, the mood to discard courtesy, to rip off restraint, and, whether dealing with the Hindu in person or with the diary page, to call each spade a spade indeed, and in capital letters. Yet he produces nothing that is not representative of Hindu trait, practice, or fact.

It should be carefully remembered, in reading this book, that it deals mainly with the Hindu, rarely with the Muslim. It occasionally implies, however, the bitterness of situations often arising from Britain's fixed policy of the impartial hand—the policy that Government must show no special friendships, must avoid the remotest appearance of "Dividing to Rule," of which, nevertheless, it is forever accused. The staunch Muslim ally, therefore, must rarely or never be encouraged with reward, lest the hostile Hindu politico take offense thereby and race antagonism be aroused. America in the Philippines once pursued a similar course. It wounds, disheartens, and loses friends, but never does it win over a single foe.

It should also be remembered in reading the book that while the writers' observations of the Hindu covered a considerable field, their observations of British officials were limited to one small local group. As such, those observations, though probably truthful portraits, are portraits of individuals, rather than of a class. The average British field administrator of the Government of India, especially in the upper ranks, has measured higher than the types here portrayed. And if his relation to the Indian were not maintained on a plane of dignity, self-mastery, and determination to serve, strongly in contrast with the plane on which Charles stood, the existence of the British field administrator would not have been the bul-

EDWARD CHARLES

wark that it is to the peace and welfare of the country. The two Hindu types with which Charles had mainly to deal—the excitable, lightly-balanced, mentally and physically frail student-in-search-of-degree, and the full-fledged professional politician—are probably the most difficult of all Indian types for any foreigner to handle. Yet, even there, in the British Civil Servant, long practice has evolved a code of patience, precluding wrath as both unintelligent and beneath his position; just as long devotion to the effort to serve has evolved a human understanding that men who have given less liberally of themselves can rarely possess.

# The Mystery Man of the Arms Business

*ZAHAROFF: HIGH PRIEST OF WAR. By Guiles Davenport. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.* 1934. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF has no slogan. But if this mysterious and reticent figure had ever chosen one, it would doubtless have been that of Albert Ballin: "The world is my field." For the most famous arms salesman of all times, was an example *par excellence* of the international character of his profession. He did, indeed, regardless of patriotic and national considerations, sell to all the world.

His initial exploit in his craft was emblematic of his career. As the newly appointed salesman of the firm of Nordenfelt he sold one submarine to his native (or adopted) country, Greece, and used this purchase as sales talk to market two more to Greece's enemy, Turkey. He thus enacted two of the roles which characterize the modern international arms salesman. He sold to two belligerent countries, ready to fly at each other's throats, and he made the sales, without respect for national or personal considerations.

His later career was but an extension of this sale. Under his management, the English firm of Vickers sold the Boers machine guns which mowed down British soldiers in their war to capture South Africa. He placed in the hands of the Turks guns and mines which killed British soldiers and sank British ships in the Dardanelles. His name appeared like a trademark of the bloody traffic on directorates and share-holding lists of English, French, German, and Austrian companies. Of him—even more than any other man—it might well be said that, no matter which country lost in a World War, Zaharoff was sure to win.

During the darkest days of the World War, when allied statesmen in Paris were discussing the possibility of a negotiated peace, Lord Bertie, the British Ambassador to France, indicates that the peacemakers consulted this man who, above all others, had a vested interest in continuing the war. His response was typical, as quoted by Lord Bertie, "Zaharoff is all for continuing the war 'jusqu'au bout.'"

This, in its general outlines, is the character which Mr. Guiles Davenport, with much zeal and varying degrees of literary skill, has essayed to describe. He has worked at his task with only partial success.

He states truthfully and adequately the problem which the life of Zaharoff raises. He appreciates all its implications and paints the dread lesson of the international, the anti-national sale of arms. As a personal figure, Sir Basil emerges, in certain chapters, with unusual vividness. Mr. Davenport has undoubtedly silhouetted Zaharoff more clearly than did Richard Lewinsohn in his book, "Sir Basil Zaharoff, The Mystery Man of Europe."

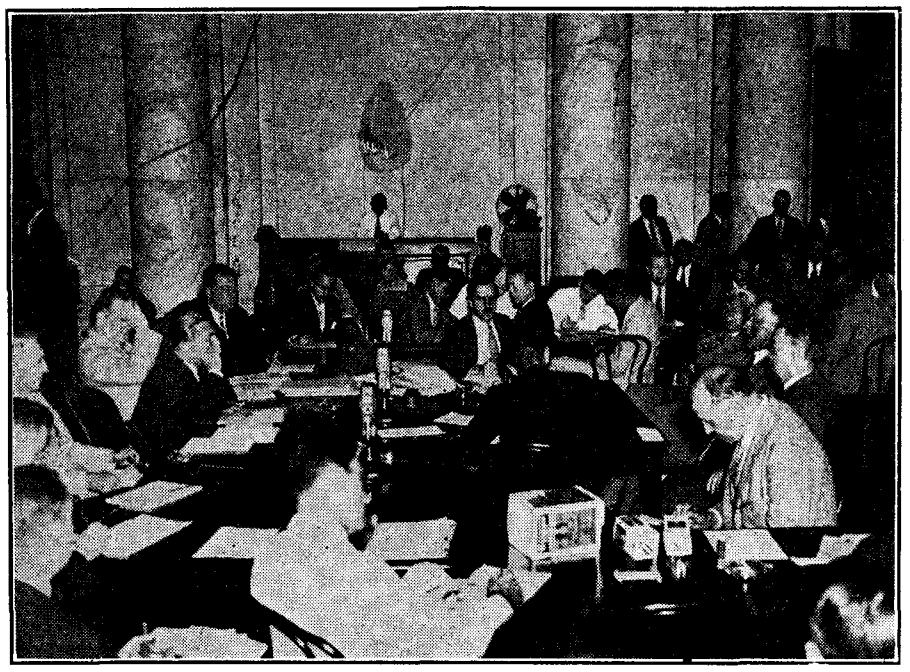
But with an excess of rhetorical zeal, the author has tried to paint over each successive pose of his sitter; he has a much too active brush. Also, he has introduced too much hearsay, too many conflicting and unauthoritative bits of evidence regarding the early phases of Zaharoff's career. The result is confusion.

The scholar will not get much satisfaction from the fruits of the author's research. Mr. Davenport has waved aside, rather summarily, the accepted version of Zaharoff's Greek nationality. The best monograph on Zaharoff is Roger Mennevée's *"Sir Basil Zaharoff: L'Homme Mystérieux de l'Europe,"* Paris, 1928. Therein M. Mennevée introduced testimony backed by a transcript of a birth certificate which seemed to prove that Zaharoff was born of Greek parents in Asia Minor. Mr. Davenport has apparently not taken into account this documentation. Zaharoff must remain, at least provisionally for a mystified world, a Greek.

And as a Greek, Mr. Davenport treats him in the chapter on Zaharoff in the Greco-Turkish war of 1920-22. Most writers interpret this ill-starred venture of the arms salesman as his only excursion from his strictly international role. Belated patriotism, they say, brought him defeat, when the Greeks whom he financially backed retreated before the Turks. This view ignores Zaharoff's connections with the great English oil interests who had a stake in Turkey's repulse. This offers a much more plausible version of the whole adventure.

Mr. Davenport insists that Zaharoff was the first man to bring to the profession of arms-selling its truly international character. But, in point of fact, Krupp forged the way, the unpatriotic path, some fifteen years before. Krupp, of course, was not as striking a figure as Zaharoff. He was the technician and industrialist who simply followed his principles through to their logical conclusion.

Zaharoff, on the other hand, was the virtuoso of the craft, exemplifying its most sinister and occult aspects—a figure still very shadowy, so far as the evidence goes. Until some writer, more adroit and painstaking than Mr. Davenport addresses himself to the task of studying his career, Zaharoff will remain, for scholar and average reader alike, the "mystery man" of the arms business.



*Keystone*

THE OPENING OF THE SENATE MUNITIONS INVESTIGATION, SEPT. 4

*The Senate committee hears evidence from officers of the Electric Boat Company, shown at the right of the table: vice presidents Sutphen and Spear, president Carse.*

*Frank C. Hanighen was co-author, with H. C. Engelbrecht, of "Merchants of Death," a study of the armament industry published last spring. A new book by him on the international traffic in oil is announced for early publication.*

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"I mean seriously," says G. K. Chesterton, writing in *John o'London's Weekly*, "that the *first* things that counted with Bernard Shaw were negative and anarchic things; where for most men the first things at least are positive. We may lose those positive beliefs or affections, especially for a time, but we have had them; and I do not believe that George Bernard Shaw ever had them. And the proof of it is that, being one of the most genial and generous men in the world, he still cannot understand them."

# A Year in the Arctic

*ESKIMO YEAR. By George Miksch Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1934. $3.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

THIS is a splendid book. Perhaps it seems particularly so to me because it agrees with all my pet theories about the Arctic and expresses them much better than I could hope to do myself. Even to those, however, who have no special interest in the Far North, Mr. Sutton's volume will offer much that is interesting and refreshing. For some years, the literature of adventure has seemed to divide itself automatically into two schools, one the so-called "debunking" school which minimizes every difficulty and pooh-poohs every danger, and the other which makes of each trivial mishap and accident a thrilling battle with death. It is a delight to come upon a work like "Eskimo Year" with its sincere, straightforward, and quietly humorous style.

Its very straightforwardness may, to be sure, at a superficial reading lead to misconception. For its manner of writing is so familiar and informal as to create an impression of superficiality. But the author knows what he is about, and half the charm of his book lies in the vivacity of his expressions and the vivid, sensitive descriptions such as this one of the "sheenah" or edge of the floe ice.

> The "sheenah" has a frigid beauty all its own. Here there is the same thin brilliance of sun and pallor of sky that are the winter tundra's; here the same jade and azure that are the moon-steeped, shadow-struck whiteness of snow. But here rose-colored spires and pillars and minarets of ice move slowly in and out with the tides. Here purple mist-clouds haunt the shifting channels. Here water, forty fathoms deep, glistens black as fluid obsidian at your feet.

After reading such clear-cut imagery as the above, one realizes that the author is an artist, even before no
numerous illustrations are t
same clever person.

A distinguished Arctic
me that after having care
the important books of exploration in the north, he could think of nothing which distinguished one from another, except the accounts of the various ways in which each expedition had celebrated Christmas! Even measured by so unimportant a standard, Dr. Sutton's book stands the test. Certainly nowhere have I read such a heart-warming account of Christmas in the Arctic. There is no touch of melancholy, no yearning over "loved ones at home," no orgy of self-pity. There is a glow, a merriment, and an unselfish delight in the naive pleasure of the natives.

Dr. Sutton's avowed purpose in spending a year among the Eskimos of Shugliak in Hudson's Bay was to make a study of the bird life of the region and to become as thoroughly familiar as possible with the lives and customs of the people. To attain the latter object, he threw himself heart and soul into all their occupations and tried to do exactly as they did. Some of his experiments verge on the heroic, though he does not enlarge upon that phase. His account of his recapturing and bringing home the runaway dog team should be read to be enjoyed. It takes more than a rudimentary sense of humor and a thin veneer of sportsmanship to appreciate a joke which is so entirely and painfully on oneself.

Altogether, this is a book which every lover of the Arctic should read and which should be in every Arctic library with any pretence to importance. One cannot read "Eskimo Year" without wishing keenly to know for oneself these lovable, childlike people of the frozen North, and that was undoubtedly one of Dr. Sutton's objects in writing as he has done. One is also seized with a desire to know a man of such sympathy and understanding as the author, and this was probably furthest from Dr. Sutton's thoughts.

*Marie Ahnighito Peary, who has a hereditary interest in the Arctic and the unique distinction for a white woman of having been born there, has had recent experience of the frozen North in a visit made to Greenland a year or two ago to unveil a monument to the memory of her father.*

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# The Saturday Review of Literature

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**Will Books Be Next?** The drive for clean motion pictures has apparently met with complete capitulation. This has prompted some observers to predict that the next censorship effort will be made in the direction of books, and to issue a call to arms for a free press and a free literature. We are warned that unless we are prepared for the fight we shall be taken unawares. It is undoubtedly a safe prediction that the reformers, once their blood is up, will look for new fields to conquer. However, this is all happening at a time when recent efforts to censor books have suffered spectacular failures. "Ulysses" has been vindicated twice within a year; "God's Little Acre" was cleared a year ago.

There are certain important differences between books and motion pictures, even from the censor's point of view. These consist not only in the movies' more graphic quality, or in the fact that they are freely patronized by children. It must be remembered that the threat of censorship against the films carried more than a threat of boycott. How a literary boycott could be carried out defies the imagination. It is also true, as Mr. Westbrook Pegler recently wrote, that the press is an older institution than either radio or motion pictures; that it is accustomed to fighting for its freedom, even to the point of occasionally defending itself against a windmill. And finally, the literate movie-goer is perhaps not unwilling to dispense with the pictures which the purity drive is eliminating—in fact, he can do without them so easily that he is not even ready to get excited about the principle of the thing.

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**Upton Sinclair** The nomination of Upton Sinclair for Governor of California has already evoked enough comment to make further remarks seem superfluous. But it is appropriate for this journal to note that Mr. Sinclair has been a figure in the world of books and ideas longer than in that of politics; that his pamphlet, "I, Governor of California," which is reported to have circulated to the extent of 250,000 copies, undoubtedly contributed to the success of his campaign. Whatever may be the ultimate significance or practicality of Mr. Sinclair's program, there is certainly an immediate significance in his nomination, which emphatically exemplifies the potentialities of an author's career.

The current political scene has recruited many of its protagonists from academic life, and of these many have been authors of books; but perhaps none of them provides so striking an example as Mr. Sinclair of the transition from literature, so to speak, to life. And in the past the transition has usually gone the other way round. The retired statesman or diplomatist, writing a book of memoirs or opinions, is a familiar figure. Mr. Sinclair's way is more unusual, and infinitely more dramatic.

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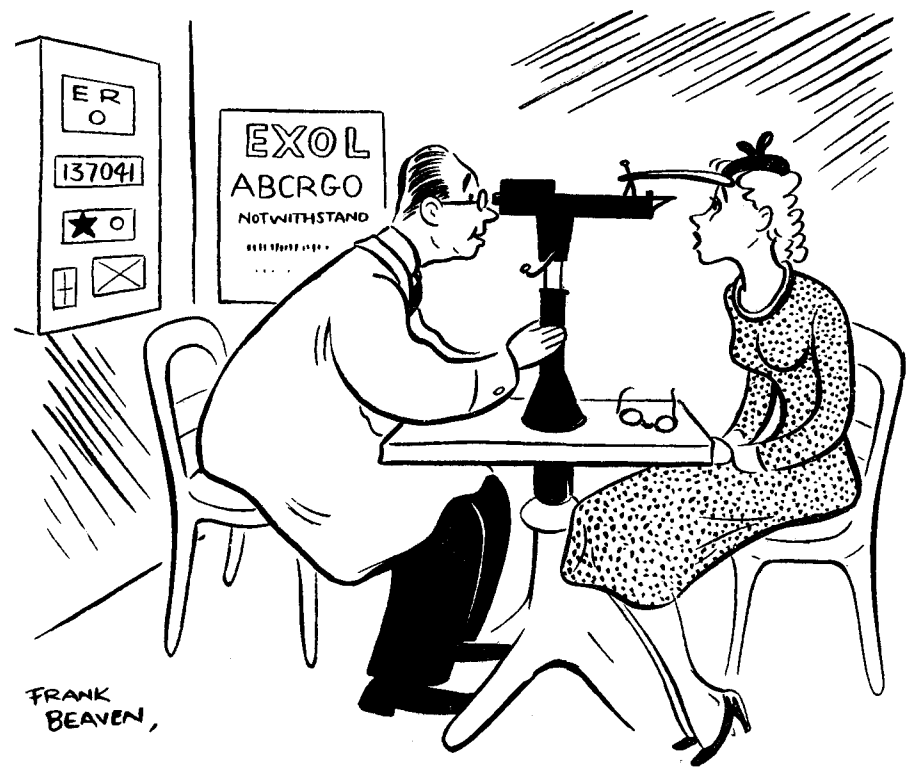
**Big Names** Retired statesmen with memoirs to write are not the only ones who come to the world of books from outside. The opportunity to become an author is open to any one who has made a name in another field. Such opportunities are more likely to expand than to contract; modern news-gathering processes make it easier to become famous than it used to be; and popular interest focusses more and more on personalities. The big names have no doubt in many cases sold well; so have the authors of established literary reputation. But the books which have captured the public imagination far beyond the usual best seller, those which have sold far more than the number of copies the normal reading public absorbs, have in a surprisingly large number of instances come from authors previously unknown, or comparatively unknown. Certainly very few of the readers of "Anthony Adverse" ever heard of Hervey Allen's poetry or biography; very few of the readers of "The Good Earth" had read Mrs. Buck's earlier novel. Two other instances that come immediately to mind are those of Thornton Wilder and Erich Maria Remarque. It would be difficult to determine, and probably easy to overestimate, the significance of this. In any case, there is undoubtedly more than a coincidence involved. It would be interesting to hear the explanations or suggestions of a librarian, a bookseller, and a student of Pareto.




"DIDN'T I MEET YOU AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY?"

# Letters to the Editor: *Some Recollections of Tennyson; Modern Literature in the Colleges*

## Mr. Tennyson

SIR:—In your issue of August 25 you quoted an excerpt from an article by Evelyn L. Thomas, writing in *John o'London's Weekly* about Alfred, Lord Tennyson. I was attracted by the article because my grandmother, whose maiden name was Hannah Charlotte Stanley and who died last year at the age of ninety-four, was in her 'teens a sympathetic companion of Mr. Tennyson on many of his long and silent walks through the pine groves and over the downs surrounding Farringford, an old mansion owned by the poet and lying in the parish of Freshwater on the Isle of Wight. Farringford of the primrose isle is described in the following lines:

*Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns*
*And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.*

Accordingly, I was brought up on the poetry of Tennyson, at an early age reading "In Memoriam" and reverencing his poems of doubt as I would the passages of the Bible, and knowing him not as the pompous Victorian invulnerable depicted by some writers but as the "tall, rough-haired, rough-bearded man with a wonderfully breezy personality" seen by Evelyn Thomas. My grandmother frequently recounted to me incidents of strolls through his garden of which he was justly proud and climbs up the steep chalk cliff overlooking Freshwater Bay.

Mr. Tennyson was an inveterate walker and would stride for miles across the downs, his huge, untidy tie and baggy coat flapping in the breeze, deep in uncommunicative and often grumpily morose thought, except when he stopped to bark out passages of poetry, particularly "Maud" which, composed at this time, had drawn adverse criticism from some critics. He was generous to the point of rugged enthusiasm in his commendation of contemporaries, and equally generous in his condemnation, where he thought either was deserved. Hannah Stanley was a frequent companion on these walks from which older friends were excluded because of the poet's desire for contemplation, uninterrupted by conversation.

It was during his residence at Farringford with his wife and two sons, Hallam and Lionel, that Tennyson commenced his immortal "Idylls." His seclusion, however, was broken from about 1855 until his removal to Surrey in 1866 by constant and unbidden visitors, peering at his windows. Nevertheless, some of the most notable men of the century—Garibaldi, Kingsley, Darwin, Herschel, Dean Stanley, etc.—were welcomed at Farringford with hearty hospitality.

The poet is so vivid to me through the great admiration Hannah Stanley held for him during the most impressionable period of her life, designating him as the great "poet of plebeian tastes," despite his title of Laureate, who delighted in the simple enjoyments of simple things, who kept a rack of favorite pipes, and above all was human, that I felt you might be interested in this slight, though second-hand, recollection, coming from this side of the ocean.

DOROTHY M. BEAVER.

Derby, Conn.

## Professors and Modern Writers

SIR:—"They [the English universities] remain as dead to the great interests of contemporary literature and science, as they do to the great movements of the day." So wrote Robert Boyle fifty years ago in *Englische Studien* (VII, 67). Whether or not conditions deserving such criticism prevailed in England in 1884, we may congratulate ourselves that they do not exist to any great extent in the better American universities today. More and more our institutions of higher learning are adjusting themselves to the contemporary world. More and more are they making honest efforts to fit their students for life as it actually exists not only in the present century but in the new day now dawning. The prominent part being played by professors and assistant professors in the Roosevelt Administration is proof that not all college teachers are old fogies. The shift of emphasis in the college curriculum to the social sciences indicates that colleges are going to provide the social, economic, and governmental leaders of tomorrow.

But sometimes I wonder whether teachers of literature are keeping abreast of their colleagues in other departments. The following incident will explain what I have in mind.

A nationally known scholar, a professor of English in one of our largest state universities, confessed the other day that he had never heard of Sara Teasdale. Noticing her picture over the desk of a younger colleague, he asked:

"Who is she?"

"Sara Teasdale."

"A cousin of yours, or some relative?"

"No; no relation whatever."

"Then why do you have her picture over your desk?"

"I enjoy her poems."

"Oh, she writes poetry, does she? Sara Teasdale! I had never heard of her."

This same professor voted two years ago against permitting a colleague to teach on Saturday afternoons in an extension center.

"One," said he, "should spend his leisure time increasing his professional knowledge."

The surprising thing is that this professor has for more than a quarter of a century been primarily interested in American literature—but he had never heard of Sara Teasdale!

Specialists sometimes have the mistaken notion that they cannot be expected to know anything outside their narrow fields. But can any teacher of literature afford to neglect the present day? If he is a real lover of literature, will he allow himself to remain long in complete ignorance of contemporary writers? For the specialist in an earlier period who cannot devote much time to the contemporary scene, the *Saturday Review* is indispensable.

I'm sure that some kind reader of this periodical would gladly present a year's subscription to the professor referred to above, but, alas, I cannot mention his name or mine. I would not for the world embarrass a fine old gentleman for whom I have genuine affection, or humiliate the great university which employs us both. Besides, I don't want to lose my job in times like these!

X.

## The First Wood Engraver

SIR:—I am investigating the life and career of Alexander Anderson, the first wood engraver in America, and would welcome hearing from anyone possessing letters, original wood blocks, books illustrated by him, or other interesting material by or about him.

HELEN M. KNUBEL.

201 Hamilton Ave.,
New Rochelle, N. Y.

## Saint Louis History

SIR:—I am preparing to write a biography of Pierre LaClede, the founder of Saint Louis, and of the Chouteaus, for many years the most prominent family of the town. I am also making an extended study of the contrasts (social) between the Creoles and the Americans as they met at Saint Louis in the first third of the nineteenth century. I will be very grateful for an opportunity to examine manuscript material which concerns either subject. Journals, reminiscences, diaries of, or letters from travellers who visited Saint Louis any time before 1840, and letters from American settlers at or near Saint Louis written to family or friends in the older states often contain interesting and valuable material. Any manuscripts intrusted to me I will handle with the utmost care and will return promptly.

JOHN FRANCIS MCDERMOTT.

Washington University,
Saint Louis, Mo.

## *The Saturday Review* recommends

**This List of Current Books:**

HEARKEN TO THE EVIDENCE. By H. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD. *Doubleday, Doran.* A good mystery story with a psychological slant.

BLACK MONASTERY. By ALADAR KUNCZ. *Harcourt, Brace.* Reminiscences of a Hungarian interned in France during the war.

DOUBLE CROSTICS. Edited by ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY. *Simon & Schuster.* Puzzles of the same sort that Mrs. Kingley furnishes the *Saturday Review,* none of which has been printed before.

**This Less Recent Book:**

ROME HAUL. By WALTER D. EDMONDS. *Little, Brown.* A story with the Erie Canal for protagonist.

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# Three Views of a Man

*NO MAN IS SINGLE. By Stuart Hawkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is the story of an American of between thirty and forty years ago, a man born to wealth and luxury, his father being a rich New York banker with great pride of family—a very dull family, if you ask me. As a young man Aspen Trumbull decides to become an artist, and he goes through with it against the opposition of his father, and also marries the girl he desires against the same opposition. With the intuition of the artist as to what is best for him he works out a way of life that results in the real advancement of his painting until, in one of the tragic accidents of life, he falls downstairs and breaks his neck—an end which is pure circumstance and has no ulterior meaning. He has shown great promise and is cut off untimely.

The story begins with his funeral, there being present his father, who has wished him to be a respectable banker; his wife, who is a fine, steady woman though of another social class than himself; and his first cousin, who was his first love. This is the prologue. The novel goes on to show the man as seen through the eyes of these three very different people. It is this presentation that lends interest to a book otherwise capably enough written but hardly extraordinary.

The characters are well enough drawn. They are convincing people of their time. None of them, even Aspen himself, is particularly profound in nature, but they are very much like people in the real world. One believes in the Trumbull family—solid and dull save for the twins who are art connoisseurs, and Aunt Emily who seemed to have quite a little spunk. The earlier period of the book is the nineties, and the Spanish War comes into it rather interestingly to a reviewer who was a boy at that time and remembers quite vividly the current accounts of it in the daily press. Aspen is disillusioned as to the intelligence of mankind by the Spanish War. The later conflict in him is caused by his idealized love for his cousin Hélène and his real dependence on his sturdy and beautiful wife Hannah, and on his home and on his children.

STUART HAWKINS

The most interesting thing in the novel to this reviewer is Mr. Hawkins's method of presenting certain key episodes first as seen through the eyes and mind of one character and then of another. It is a simple device and with larger possibilities than this novelist has realized, but one is shown very clearly how differently a certain evening or afternoon appeared to the father, the son, the wife, and the emotionally disturbing cousin. The same words are repeated as they fall on the ears of different characters—arousing, for instance, in the father distaste and disgust, in Hannah an ineradicable impression of the father's rudeness and hardness; in Hannah again deep suspicion and distrust of Hélène, and in Hélène quite a different feeling toward Hannah. Mr. Hawkins has no inconsiderable ability to understand quite different, sometimes diametrically opposed, points of view. His sympathy is with the young married people, but he gives the others a "fair break." In this liberality may reside a particular power to be brought to future novels. As it is, this initial effort is mature and has a certain solidity. It has no brilliance, and it "dates" in method. At least, that is my opinion. It seemed to me, in reading it, that it might have been written at any time within the last thirty years. That is not necessarily a fault, save that more powerful writers have done more or less the same sort of thing before. The dialogue is mainly most natural. The story is —for lack of a better word I must use one that novelists detest—"pedestrian." But it is not dead; in fact in its own mild way it is quite alive. It merely does not quicken the pulse or enthrall the mind.

# A Novelist to Watch

*NOW IN NOVEMBER. By Josephine Johnson. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

MISS JOHNSON'S short stories have attracted considerable attention to a talent that is new, fresh, and individual; her novel should attract more, although it is far from the work of art its publishers claim it to be. In more ways than one it is a fragment; an expanded short-story that loses, in the expansion, the intensity it might have possessed in a more concise form. For the intensity it still manifests lies in the catastrophic series of events about which the entire narrative centers, and without which the entire narrative would have little excuse for being.

Miss Johnson begins her story at a point ten years after the Haldmarnes settled on a farm to retrieve, in some measure, the security that had once been theirs. There are three daughters — Kerrin, Marget (who tells the story), and Merle. Merle is most like the placid, hard-working mother; Kerrin from an early age manifests a wildness of disposition that eventually reaches its extreme exemplar in insanity; Marget, though tragically disappointed in her own affairs, cleaves to a middle course. The Haldmarnes have many stumbling-blocks: the peculiarities of their eldest daughter; the long drought that burns up their lands and destroys their hope of cutting down their burden of debt; Kerrin's fatal passion for Grant, who comes to work the farm on shares; the father's bitterness and impotent struggles to keep them going. And before the novel reaches its conclusion, these seeds reach their flower in a series of events that would seem, in the bare recital, to assume the distorted proportions of hopeless melodrama.

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

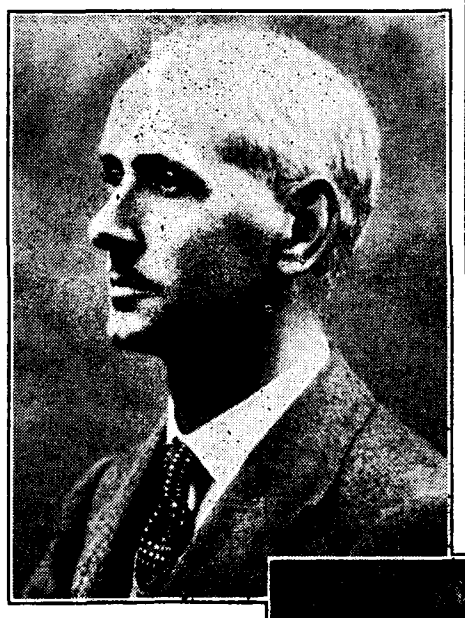
It is this potential melodrama that Miss Johnson handles with a skill that presages finer work to come. Everything that leads up to the dénouement is so glossed over by generalized reference and attenuated writing that it does not build up and barely holds the interest. Hence the final catastrophe rises above the dead-level of the previous narrative so markedly as to throw the entire structure out of balance and destroy its own powerful appeal.

# A Dramatic Story of English Farm Life

*IN THIS VALLEY. By Michael Home. New York: William Morrow & Company.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

MICHAEL HOME has written a worthy successor to his first novel, "Return," which was itself hailed as in the legitimate line of succession to Hardy by those conservative enough to admire that once radical master of English letters. Like Hardy, and Philpotts after him, Mr. Home's work, in plot, characters, and situations, derives directly from the soil and is redolent of it. One feels, as is proper, that only in the "Breckland" of this story, which the author identifies as parts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire, could one find the precise characters acting in the precise way in which these people act. To those readers who share with myself an intense dislike of the usual "dialect" story, I commend Mr. Home's admirable "Author's Note," in which he explains how he has attempted to get the effect of the East Anglian dialect without torturing the spelling of the English language. The happy result, as in Mr. Philpotts's work, is to raise a provincial dialect to the level of literature.



MICHAEL HOME

The story concerns the rise of a yeoman farmer and his son, Abner and Harley Webster, to material prosperity on the land. But much more it concerns the spiritual struggle of old Abner to justify the faith that was in him as to the goodness and wisdom of God, the God whom he worshipped Sunday after Sunday with simple faith in the little Methodist tabernacle of Heathley. The enmity of Squire Green, whose tenant Abner was, was characteristically incurred because of Abner's temerity in praying aloud for the wellbeing of the squire in the little nonconformist bethel; and that enmity, fiercely resented by high-spirited young Harley and considered with prayerful but not unhumorous humility by old Abner, is one of the main threads of the story. It was this enmity that caused the Websters to move from the broad acres of Heathley, which their work as tenants had made rich, and buy their own poor farm in neighboring Brackford, which labor and the years converted into a smiling domain. And interwoven with this is the other main thread which has to do with Harley's marriage to one woman and his passion for another and old Abner's struggle for his son's spiritual health.

To tell more of the plot would be an injustice to both reader and author. To the latter's skill the book owes the impression it gives of a quietly moving stream which every once in a while becomes a raging torrent. The story is never for a moment dull and at times the tension is thrilling. All of the characters are distinctive, both as types and as individuals, and in old Abner Mr. Home has created one of the most vivid and interesting characters in recent fiction. The English newspaper that recently selected this volume as the "Book of the Month" was thoroughly justified in its award.

# Puritans Besieged

*THE COLD JOURNEY. By Grace Zaring Stone. New York: William Morrow & Company.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MRS. STONE seems to be more successful with contemporary history than with the past. Her saga of the inhabitants of a Massachusetts town, captured by French and Indians in Queen Anne's war, shows careful research and a nice appreciation of the interaction of French, Puritan, and Indian cultures; but as a novel it never quite comes to life. The people of Redfield were a stern and rockbound lot, thanks not only to their religion but to the conditions of frontier life; in the more genial urban culture of Quebec some of them thawed out, but few of them ever impress themselves on the reader as living individuals. The kindliness of Canadian civilians to their captives, even the curious friendliness of Indians who might torture a prisoner to death or adopt him into their families as the spirit moved them, is doubtless from the record and is plausible enough. But the bloody melodrama, which is the hinge of the plot, never makes itself felt.

GRACE ZARING STONE

These people were wakened from sleep to fire and slaughter; they saw their friends children dered; th had to e the increaible hardships of a winter march across the mountains, carrying their own property on their backs as their captors' loot, with the ever-present risk of the tomahawk if they lagged from weariness. The Puritans may have been an anesthetic lot, more afraid of the devil and the Jesuits than of physical hardship; but an experience like this must have bitten into them. Somehow it does not bite into the reader; when Mrs. Stone writes of war in China you dodge the bullets, you feel the fear of instant death; but when she writes of war in Massachusetts you only feel that she is retelling history.

# American Comedy

*BRIGHT CENTER OF HEAVEN. By William Maxwell. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1934. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

TREATING with lightness and dexterity a number of subjects usually discussed only with the highest seriousness, of the sort commonly labelled "Social Problems," Mr. Maxwell in his first novel has put together an admirable satiric comedy, bitter-sweet in flavor, yet always humorous. "Bright Center of Heaven" exhibits few of the weaknesses present in most recent efforts by American writers to achieve subtlety and a graciously detached viewpoint in dealing with human relationships. Nevertheless it is essentially original, and does not imitate the prevailing British and French conventions for such fiction. Even the most brilliant contemporary European work of this sort presents little that is more engaging than the best parts of this book.

The scatterbrained Mrs. West and her Wisconsin farm, her odd collection of guests, paying and otherwise, are specifi-

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cally American in spite of the slightly fantastic atmosphere with which Mr. Maxwell gradually succeeds in surrounding them, and so are the serio-comic repercussions produced by the arrival of a negro friend of Mrs. West's, one Jefferson Carter. Thus the core of the plot has a peculiarly native quality for which the author is to be congratulated. Here are no accessories from Paris or the Riviera, no echoes of Chelsea or Bloomsbury. Besides this, the rest of Mr. Maxwell's material is sufficiently timeless and universal to be anyone's property, such themes as adolescent love, the musical temperament, and the servant problem supplementing his more novel central idea.

Technically, Mr. Maxwell has surprisingly little to learn. He shows remarkable skill in presenting his people and in making them understandable, and does not often overemphasize the tragic undercurrent which flows continually beneath his deliberately careless manner. On the other hand, his book is a trifle slow in starting, and his climax, in which the negro finally arrives and upsets Mrs. West's already far from stable household, is too long delayed to be really effective. There is no particular reason why the writer of such a novel as this should pay great attention to narrative form, especially as he has confined the action within the limits of a single day, but there are a good many annoyingly loose ends left untied and unaccounted for at the close of these twelve hours. Exception taken for minor and comparatively unimportant aberrations of this sort, it is possible to say that "Bright Center of Heaven" is a delightful and amusing satiric novel, and consequently also something of a rarity in this season.

## A Delightful Circle

(*Continued from first page*)

his charm, his talents, and his success, he was for nothing more notable than for the depth and tenderness of his devotion to his family. His love for them, for his mother, his sisters, his Aunt Julia and her daughter Maud, to whom he was bound by ties of the closest affection, his Uncle Sam, his brother Arthur, runs through all the letters which Mrs. Howe presents. He was a prodigal spender, and when he had money in plenty after the success of his novels had become assured, he was always ready with his purse when any in the family required assistance. Brief as most of the epistles which constitute the major portion of Mrs. Howe's book are,

LOUISA WARD
*F. Marion Crawford's mother, from a miniature by Anne Hall*

they are long enough to display the qualities of the man, and to explain the hold he had on the affections of his cousin and his sister.

But to become vitally interested in Marion Crawford one must read Mrs. Chanler's "Roman Spring," one of those volumes of reminiscence that every now and then appear to leave the reader with a sense of having been admitted to a delightful and intimate circle. Those of us who have cast our coins into Trevi, and to whom the unwilling gods have not yet vouchsafed a return to Rome, can draw a vicarious satisfaction from this book, and slake our thirst for the most fascinating of cities in Mrs. Chanler's lovely portrayal of it. It was Marion Crawford himself who wrote of it: "A man may live with Rome, laugh with her, dream with her, weep with her, die at her feet; but for him who knows her there is no goodbye, for she has taken the high seat of his heart, and whither he goes, she is with him, in joy or sorrow, with wonder, longing, or regret, as the chords of his heart were tuned by his angel in heaven." So it is with Mrs. Chanler. There breathes through all her book a love for Rome, a delight in its streets and its fountains, its Pincian Hill on which she played with her brothers and sisters as a child, the Campagna on which as a married woman she rode to the hunt with her husband, its monuments, and palaces, and churches, St. Peter's and the Vatican, to the religion of which both she and Marion turned when they reached years of independent judgment, for the lovely Italian landscape and the soft Italian air which match Marion's own reverent attachment to the city of the ages.

The girl Margaret Terry grew up in a Rome very different from that of the present—in a Rome which as yet had not opened its gates to the Italians, in which the Pope (then as now free to go out from the Vatican grounds) rode forth in "a great glass coach with outriders and caparisoned horses" to the Pincio; in which artists, and among them many Americans, had taken old apartments or palaces for homes and workshops, and talk of art and the artists' creations was as eager as later it became in Paris. To the Terrys, established for many years, until financial misfortunes necessitated retrenchment and cheaper quarters, in the beautiful old Palazzo Odescalchi everyone came—Augustus Hare, who believed in ghosts and held the family, young and old alike, enthralled with his ghost stories, Edward Lear, "a rosy, gray-bearded, bald-headed, gold-spectacled little old gentleman" in whose talk "something seemed to bubble and sparkle," and who was so precisely the pattern of what an uncle ought to be that the child Margaret immediately proclaimed her desire for him to the immense satisfaction of "the delighted old gentleman who . . . glowed, bubbled, and twinkled more than ever" and adopted her then and there; Fanny Kemble, Julia Ward Howe and her beautiful daughter Maud, friends from America and Europe, artists, musicians, society folk. Once a week the Terry and Crawford children went sightseeing in Rome with the art critic, Jean Paul Richter; Margaret studied piano under Sgambati, one of Liszt's pupils, met the great Liszt himself, and was present at one of his lessons. She was a favorite of Liszt's friend, Madame Helbig, who was a center of musical life in Rome and to whose house came all sorts of interesting people—Mommsen and Gregorovius, Eleanora Duse, Abbé Duchesne, the Russian Ambassadress, Madame Uxhull.

Roman life came to an end for a time for Margaret Terry when, on her marriage to Winthrop Chanler, she went to America to make her home there. Here as in Italy she met artists, scholars, the prominent in politics and society, but even while loving America, Rome held her heart. She went to it again twice to live, each time for a period of years, and again during these Roman years her brother Marion Crawford comes prominently into her narrative. It is a delightful chronicle, full of warmth and vivacity, with a nostalgic quality that lends glamour to its reminiscence, and a charm that derives from a rich personality as well as a fascinating background. Read after it, Mrs. Howe's collection of letters, bound together by the thread of her own recollections of her cousins, wins a fulness that it cannot lay claim to in itself. It, however, on the other hand, rounds out a portrait which Mrs. Chanler has left without the detail which her brother Marion's letters supply. And such elaboration is welcome, for Mrs. Chanler has invested her family, her friends, her city, or cities, with so much life, so much charm, so much color that one has toward them that eager desire for further acquaintance which all too brief contact with delightful experience always begets. Her memoirs and Mrs. Howe's neatly dovetail into each other.

# Mr. Kent Views With Alarm

*WITHOUT GLOVES. By Frank R. Kent. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $2.50.*

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

ALL the way from Wall Street to Palo Alto the operations of the New Deal have filled countless conservative breasts with an anguish that tends gradually to increase. For this anguish will in many instances be even greater if the New Deal succeeds than if it fails. Men who cling tightly to the philosophy of a restricted government, who believe that business should be free from regulation, supervision, or interference, who think that the national tradition requires emphasis on free initiative as opposed to so-

FRANK R. KENT

cial control, can hardly bear to think of the new policies vindicating themselves. Among these critics are many of the highly individualistic and hard-boiled tribe of newspapermen. The places where the journalistic gloom has lain thickest in recent months are the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Frank Kent's column in the Baltimore *Sun*. The two former publications mix so much stupidity, intellectual dishonesty, and group selfishness with their argument that they tend to discredit their own point of view. But Frank Kent deserves a hearing. He is an exceptionally shrewd, clear-headed, alert observer, he writes exceptionally well, and he is exceptionally immune to buncombe. Before the present dispensation he really helped his readers to clear their minds of cant, and many who do not see his *Sun* column will look to this reprint of his articles for a clear light on New Deal activities.

Unhappily, the light is red and murky from too much heat. Mr. Kent is as sincere as he is shrewd, but it is a prejudiced sincerity. He has a whole set of prepossessions, and will not waive for a moment his belief that nothing good can come out of this particular Nazareth. The fundamental basis of Mr. Roosevelt's work being abhorrent to him, his object is not to present it fairmindedly but to attack it from every conceivable angle. On every page we are made aware that he is a convinced conservative and individualist dealing with a radical experiment in economic planning and state centralization. It would have been wise tactics to have included in these thirty-seven articles (chosen from the period April 15, 1933-June 20, 1934) at least one or two that spoke well of Mr. Roosevelt or some part of his program. As it is, all that touch on these subjects are hostile. They are carefully planned to build up a general picture of the New Deal as a huge, confused, incomprehensible, often bedlamite whirl of grandiose, ill-studied, and tremendously costly undertakings, which are leading straight toward national bankruptcy. Mr. Kent is of course cautious on specific points. When he treats of a given Administration plan, he usually says there are two points of view—it may turn out happily or may land us in an incredible mess; and he then describes the latter with horrifying detail and an implication of its certainty. The result is to identify the Administration with (in his words) "waste, graft, inefficiency, and experimentation."

This is the more regrettable because Mr. Kent is capable of preaching sound doctrine with great force and of making fair and square hits on vulnerable targets. His advocacy of State Rights and (what is equally important) State self-reliance is healthy and timely. So is his exposure of the dangers and delusiveness of the guarantee of bank deposits; so is his condemnation of the gradual restoration of all the improper payments to veterans eliminated by Mr. Roosevent; so is his rebuke to the Administration for its slowness in redeeming the platform promises of tariff revision. Among his palpable hits are the article on Mr. Moley's performance at the London conference, that upon the *cacothes scribendi* which has overtaken members of Mr. Roosevelt's family and his secretarial staff, that upon "Puddler Jim" Davis's escape from the penitentiary, and that upon the grand ballyhoo launched by General Johnson. And it must be said that Mr. Kent is no partisan in the narrow political sense; repeatedly in this volume the Republican Party quivers under his lash.

But the volume as a whole is vitiated not merely by its unrelenting adherence to a hostile point of view, but by sneers, below-the-belt blows, and not a little bad prophecy. It is hitting a little below the belt to say, in an article on Mr. Roosevelt's blandishments for the press, that he told the reporters that they could use the White House pool, the tennis courts, and bring their children to the White House sandboxes. That, if we may believe other writers, was one of Mr. Roosevelt's jests in reply to a brash reporter who jestingly asked about use of the pool. It is a little below the belt to assert that "we can never withdraw aid from the farmers," when the Agricultural Adjustment Act itself provides for complete withdrawal when the 1909-14 level is reached. It is unfair, again, to suggest that farmers do not bear any of the cost of the AAA; since farm families constitute nearly thirty per cent of consumers, and consumers bear the processing taxes, they obviously pay a large part of the cost. And what of the fairness of the statement that the NRA is "obviously crumbling"—a statement dated May 15 last, but here reprinted without amendment? It is curious, if it is crumbling, that the A. F. of L., the United States Chamber of Commerce, and leaders in both labor and industry are still for it, while Mr. Roosevelt, a shrewd judge of opinion, is for perpetuating it. Mr. Kent similarly speaks of the "failure" of the cotton-control and wheat-control plans. The cotton plan was hampered by a late start, the results with wheat were complicated by the great drought. But in both instances acreage was heavily reduced and prices were raised; in both, the result was not failure but qualified success.

As for prophecy, it is sufficient to instance Mr. Kent's prediction early in the Administration that "in a year's time it is going to be hard to remember" the official Cabinet because it would be submerged by the Farm Administrator, Industrial Planner, Railroad Coördinator, Public Works Director, and Dole Administrator. To date only one of the latter group is as well known as the chief Cabinet officers. "Farm Administrator" Chester C. Davis, for example, is an estimable person, but he has not extinguished Secretary Wallace. And most unfortunate of all are some of Mr. Kent's sneers. Mr. Louis Howe, for example, is "the great radio favorite and Presidential adviser"; *Today* is "the Astor-Harriman weekly magazine"; Professor George F. Warren is "one of the leading authorities on chickens." The author surpasses himself when, in speaking of Messrs. Tugwell, Moley, and Berle, he thrusts at "their limited experience, cloistered lives, and previous lack of success." Now really!

The articles were excellent journalism when first printed. But taken all together they have the effect of too little objectivity and quite too much jaundice.

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# A Childhood in an Alien World

*LUMINOUS ISLE. By Eliot Bliss. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1934. $2.50.

THE publishers inform us that Miss Bliss's story is laid in Haiti. A novel by an English writer about an island "occupied" for the better part of the past twenty years by American Marines, promises something rather spirited. Unhappily for this particular sort of promise, the story isn't laid in Haiti at all but in one of the British Crown Colonies, very evidently, under its slightly disguised names, the island of Jamaica.

The author herself would appear to have been born here—we are merely told "in the West Indies"—and her story follows, somewhat after the manner of Proust, the events, or more precisely, the memories, of a life which may, perhaps, bear some resemblance to her own. It is, in short, less a story, in the ordinary sense, with objective action, a definite plot, than a patient, peaceful—though sometimes poignant—research into its principal character's subjective past.

The girl in the story was born in the islands, went to England to school, returned to the island, was fallen in love with by a mellowish widower a good deal older than herself, coasted more or less painfully round the prospect of marriage, and sailed away again, leaving her fiancé and her future in rather a blur. So much for the "story."

On this tenuous hook is hung the complicated network of childhood and semi-adult memories—for "Miss Em," as the negro servants called her, is still a very young woman when the novel ends—all the smells and sounds and colors of the tropic scene, the characters of her parents and friends, the texture and "feel" of colonial life, and the girl's long struggle to find herself in what was, so far as the society into which she was born was concerned, largely an alien world.

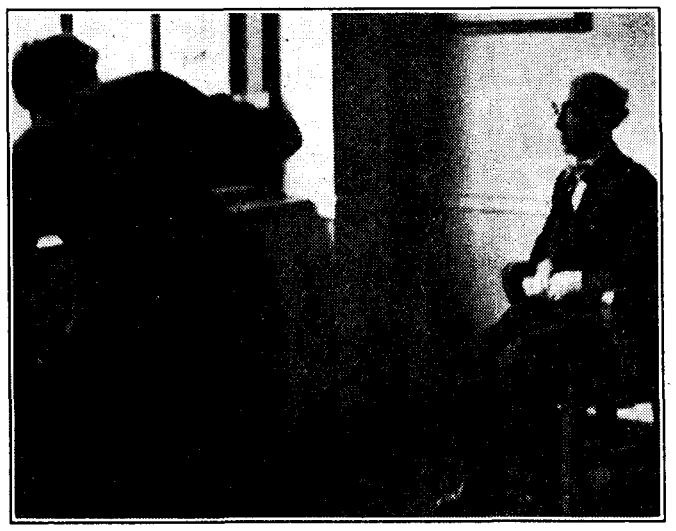
Emmeline Hibbert was undoubtedly rather "difficult." Inwardly, she always felt herself vaguely superior to those about her. She didn't care for tennis or golf, swam indifferently, hated the hard-faced old harpies always hanging about the polo field. As she grew older, she fancied herself an "artist," without having more to show for the assumption than a few adolescent poems, without the initiative to break away from the family compound and strike out on her own. Life as it was lived by those about her was constantly offending her by its dulness, brutality, unreality.

Just what was "real" to her is a bit difficult to fathom. Once she met a negro woman going up a mountain trail. She asked Rebekkah if she might walk along with her—unheard-of daring in an island where the blacks were always dismissed simply as "niggers"—and the two climbed upward in a strange completeness of spiritual kinship. She gave Rebekkah her handkerchief as they parted and later the black woman brought her down some rare fruit from the mountain. She felt that the blacks were somehow closer to eternal realities than the white colonials who ruled over and despised them—a feeling more fashionable in various quarters nowadays, than "Miss Em" seems to think. But as the novel closes, and she escapes the rather wearisome emotional demands of her fiancé, and leaning on the steamer rail, sniffs the sea breeze, she dreams of "being sexless, creedless, classless, free." Rebekkah's way would scarcely have led her to that.

A Bolshevik might assure you that Miss Hibbert is a horrible example of "bourgeois" fatuity, of the capitalistic drones who, having no general interests, no social responsibilities, waste all their substance in brooding about themselves. Not being Bolsheviks, we may be less brusque, share much of Emmeline's distaste of her environment, and grant that emotional misfits such as she suffer a real if rather pinched sort of tragedy, even though her faint Lesbianism and perpetual persnickiness do get a bit irksome. But Miss Bliss's researches into the world of memory are skilfully done and her painting of the island atmosphere is true and sensitive.

# Interviews in Camera

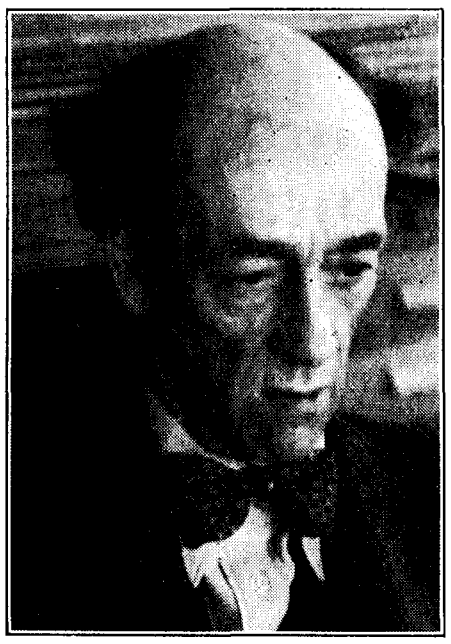
## Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli



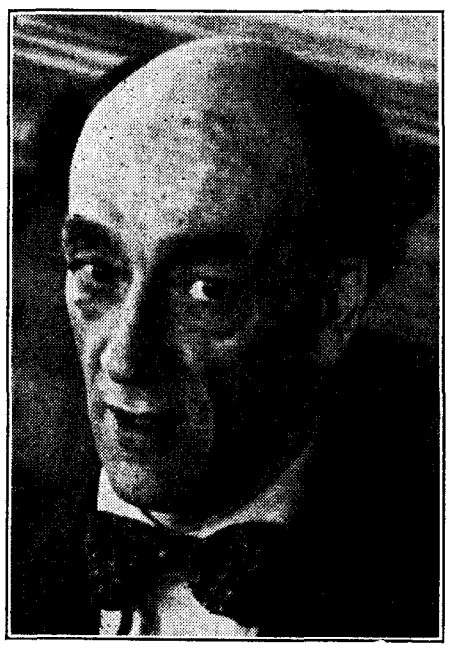
*James Stephens arrives in New York and sits for a press photograph. "I'm going to visit a family of Eskimo dogs. I understand that they have grown five inches taller than I am . . . But I'm a sort of honorary dog myself."*

*Upton Sinclair talks with W. E. Woodward (left), author of "Bunk," on the stairway of the Harvard Club, ju fore the lunch given by Mr. Sinclair's publishers New York visit last Friday. Mr. Sinclair discussed cal plans, and hinted that his next book may be a c tion of state papers.*

*Newspaper writers interview the distinguished Irish author about his forthcoming book on Byron. "Byron is the only poet of his time who is coming back," says Mr. Stephens. "Tennyson and Swinburne are not coming back."*



*"Byron is like nothing else that ever happened. He is not a great poet, he is a strange poet."*



*"Out of 40,000,000 people I'm sure there wouldn't be more than 1,000 with a truly high appreciation of poetry."*

*"Poets and artists must take a back seat, I fear. There is practical work to be done."*

*The interviewers have gone, and James Stephens settles down for a talk with C. R. Heck of the American Book Company, publishers of his forthcoming book.*

*What authors do when they are not writing books: Evelyn Scott, on a visit near New York, makes herself handy about the house.*

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# The Bowling Green

## II. Spanish Main

"HALIFAX to Hispaniola" was the heading on one of the charts lying on the chartroom desk. *Hispaniola*—name to recall "schooners, islands, and maroons, And Buccaneers and buried Gold." Sometimes, leaning in a drowse over the stem, drugged by intense Caribbean blue, watching streaks of sponge and the gauzy skitter of flying fish, you may wonder how men ever roused up enough energy to go pirating in such sleepy air. I had made resolution to grind Spanish, and indeed I did acquire some nouns; but to pursue a verb through its intricacies was too strong a task. I discovered later that for purposes of conversation a lot of nouns and no verbs is poor equipment. But even in a sea lethargy one can study the chart with profit.

I missed, going south, the island of San Salvador, which the chart asserts as "the landfall of Columbus, 1492"; we passed it in the dark of early morning; but saw it clear and plain coming north. The low profile of woods and beach offers nothing remarkable to the casual eye. As on many of these Bahama islands and cays, the chart prints the ominous word *wreck* along the shore. "San Salvador, or Watling Island" is the legend; who was Watling? My own first glimpse of land was a little farther south: Bird Rock, Crooked Island, and then the channel thrillingly named Mira Por Vos. That, I suppose, means *Look out for yourself,* and was

CAPTAIN KIDD BURYING HIS BIBLE
*(Reproduced from "The Pirate's Own Book," 1837)*

warningly christened by some old Spanish navigator who discovered the one knot current setting westward onto a dangerous shoal. "The Great Equatorial current" (says the chart) "is generally felt throughout the West Indies, moving to the N.W. or West . . . a reactionary current to the N.E. sometimes occurs, but the uncertainty of these phenomena demands a more than ordinary attention of the navigator."—Similar variations of behavior are often observable on the map of literature.

The chart in front of me at the moment is certainly the finest kind of literature. It is one of *Santa Maria's* old ones, discarded for a later edition, and begged by me from the chief officer. It shows in careful red rulings and compass rings and pricks the record of many runs north and south from the Windward Passage to the loom of San Salvador light. Memoranda of distances (*e.g.* that from Mira Por Vos to Ambrose is just 1100 miles), and magnetic variations are jotted down. The passenger who sees a modern liner creaming along with no one at the wheel—sometimes not even anyone in the wheelhouse—may well rub his pate at the miracle of automatic steering. But there is always someone with a chart and a pair of dividers not far away. While you and I were drinking gin and ginger or playing roulette he was keeping an eye on the Equatorial Current and Mira Por Vos.

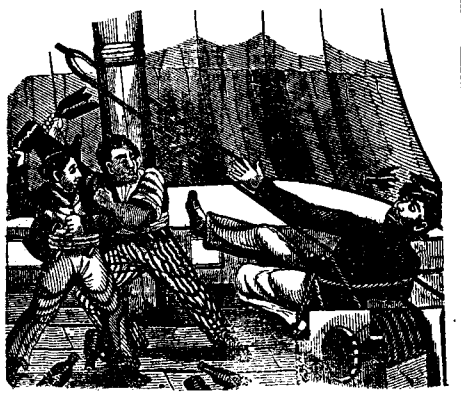
"Principally from the Surveys of Commander Richard Owen and the Officers of H.M.S. *Blossom,* 1829-1832," says the notice on the chart. It must have been an interesting expedition. And when you find that just off the coast of Hispaniola (which we now call Haiti and Santo Domingo) is Silver Bank ("coral rocks awash") you can't help thinking that Stevenson took from this very map the name of his immortal sea-cook. The plotting of Treasure Island in the book is in the very style of Commander Owen's chart, with its memoranda of "foul ground" and "strong tide here." Perhaps Haulover Point (on Grand Caicos) suggested "Haulbowline Head" and Dead Man Cay the Dead Man's Chest. Or the island of Little Inagua, so oddly rectangular, is very like the shape of a seaman's box. It would not be hard to see in Crooked Island itself something of the topography of Stevenson's invention—and it has an outlying companion, which you pass quite near in the ship, called Fortune Island. If I were the man who writes the steamship folders I should be very much tempted to call it the original of Treasure Island and let it go at that. He could put that in at the same time that he corrects the line about "the sparkling Caribbean where Bluebeard and Captain Kidd. . . ." Not Bluebeard, but Blackbeard.

The Treasure Island idea must have been in the children's minds, too. I was attempting in deplorable Spanish to say today I did something or other. I said *Yo hoy hay* and stuck there. Blythe promptly finished the sentence—"And a bottle of rum."

An amusing old volume, *The Pirate's Own Book* (published in Portland, 1837), says:—

> The pirate is truly fond of women and wine, and when not engaged in robbing, keeps maddened with intoxicating liquors, and passes his time in debauchery, singing old songs with chorusses like
>
> Drain, drain the bowl, each fearless soul,
> Let the world wag as it will.
>
> His hours of relaxation are passed in wild and extravagant frolics amongst the lofty forests of palms and spicy groves and amidst the aromatic and beautiful flowering vegetable productions of that region. He has fruits delicious to the taste, and as companions, the unsophisticated daughters of Africa and the Indies. It would be supposed that his wild career would be one of delight.

But conscience and remorse (the account goes on to say) cause him secret anguish which countervail his robust pleasures. This Gilbert & Sullivan picture might almost be thought humorously intended if we did not know that piracy was a serious matter to New England shipowners. Even today there still lingers,



CAPT. ENGLAND PELTING A PRISONER WITH GLASS BOTTLES
*("The Pirate's Own Book")*

among those of Rhode Island lineage, a casual saying, "Since Gibbs was hung." I suspect this dates from the execution of Providence's famous buccaneer in 1831.

A study of the chart suggests that it was rather the hazards of navigation which kept the pirate in ill humor. See the periculous notations for the sailing master: "Low and swampy," "Low dry rocks," "white cliffs," "foul ground," "Holes of very deep water," "caution—strong indraught," "full of sunken rocks," "strong ripples," "dangerous rocky heads." Even on the latest surveys, how many longshore soundings are marked "unreliable," or with the eloquent Spanish *cuidado.* Toward the mouth of Mouchoir Passage, among bottoms of "crl. s. sh." (not a suggestion of cruelty and dismay but hydrographer's abbreviation for coral, sand, shells) observe Fawn Shoal, "unsuccessfully searched for in 1880 by H.M.S. *Fantome.*" Probably it was the same as a new

BLACKBEARD'S HEAD ON THE BOWSPRIT
*("The Pirate's Own Book")*

bank reported near there in 1916. The most terse comment of all, speaking the voice of suppressed indignation, is along the western reef of Caicos—"always breaking." The very sound, surely, that Jim Hawkins heard in his dreams.

Of course it is not a function of the chart to list scenic charms. But the names are a plain history of what old sailors saw. Hawk's Nest Anchorage, Parrot Cay, Flamingo Hill, Turtle Cove, Ambergris Cay, these are pictures all. Occasionally there enters a literary touch which surprises one. Endymion Rock, for instance. Can Commander Owen have had a copy of Keats aboard the *Blossom?*

Of course, to pretend to identify Treasure Island, or any of its stage settings, is about as sensible as to pick out a rabbit hole somewhere near Oxford and say it was the one Alice went into. Stevenson himself said of the island, "The scenery is Californian in part, and in part *chic.*" But attempt to find the connecting tissue (there always is some) between fancy and reality is one of the happiest and most innocent pleasures. In the case of *Treasure Island* the only germ of geographical fact is the mention of the "Dead Man's Chest" in the buccaneers' song. This barren islet Stevenson found mentioned in a book of Charles Kingsley's, *At Last,* describing a tour in the West Indies. It is said to be a large coffin-shaped rock near Tortola in the British Virgins group. Mr. Vincent Starrett, in a well-documented *enquête d'amour* in *The Colophon* (June 1934) discussed the matter in delightful detail. With the natural preference of every critic for his own hunches he nominates as the authentic Dead Man's Chest an island just south of Ponce, Puerto Rico, known as *el Caja de Muertos,* the Box of the Dead. This is visible on any large-scale map today as Muertos Island. Mr. Starrett quotes at length from J. A. Waller's *A Voyage to the West Indies* (1820) describing the unpleasant casket outline of the island and giving an account of its topography—which with its surf, mountain, birds, thickets, and goats sounds very like Jim Hawkins's story. All this of course has the delight of pure irrelevance. The goats I really would like to identify are the two unlucky readers—Rev. Purcell and Mr. Will J. Shannon—who wrote to *Young Folks* in 1881 to say they didn't think much of the story. It would be fun to look up the files of the paper and find out what it was they objected to.

*(To be continued)*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

## A Cosmic Nightmare

*(Continued from first page)*

> tified with our destiny that one could have obliterated with one stroke the individual forms of life and there would have remained a mere fate, the blind war-fate, just as it needed but one wave to break over us and the next moment we should have sunk, ship and all, and over us the wide, dark flood would have danced indifferently, as though nothing had happened. In all our eyes there was the same numb aimlessness, like the staring white dial of a stopped clock.

In this latter half of the story, Kuncz is no longer the minor Hungarian writer caught in a net of hard luck. Forgotten in a cosmic nightmare which seemed to be going on forever, he and his companions had become literally lost souls; his is a voice from the dead, and without losing any of its specific detail, his story takes on the rhythm, the other-worldness of epic tragedy.

Man is the only animal, as Dostoievsky remarked in a similar case, who can accustom himself to anything. And this man, sensitive, gentle, unfitted at the start for any sort of roughing it, contrived to survive four and a half years of semi-starvation, of constant petty cheating and tyranny, of disease (at one time the whole prison, almost without medical care, apparently, was fighting a plague of the Spanish influenza) and the loss of everything that had heretofore meant living.

Some went mad, and there was a time, toward the end, when Kuncz felt his own mind slipping. He couldn't recall what an instant before he had been thinking, lost his sense of reality. Many others were in the same case and someone discovered that by running around and around in the free space allotted to them, by this pounding, one foot after the other, on the hard stones, one could keep alive one's sense of the solid earth and keep down the demons, which, but for the accompanying exhaustion, came out to perch on one's shoulders. One of the unforgettable pictures of the book is that of these living spectres of the Ile D'Yeu running around and around, all day, and even into the night.

Morbid sexual manifestations are common to such narratives, but there is something more than crude homo-sexuality in those macabre prison evenings with Dr. Herz. Herz was an educated man of middle age whose feminine traits became obvious to all through his unusually lifelike acting as a woman in one of the prison plays. He presently became a kind of primadonna, a ghastly sort of male Mme. de Sevigné, with a "salon," in which, in wig and evening dress, he dispensed feminine charm and coquetry to a whole roomful of courtiers. Men competed for his smiles and favor, grew furiously jealous of each other. There was no outward indecorum. For these men, no longer men but merely surviving impulses, Dr. Herz became woman herself, so to say, and in these hideous soirées with him they somehow succeeded in sinking for the moment into complete illusion.

When release came at last, in April, 1919, Kuncz was too broken to react much to anything. He says nothing of what happened after his arrival in Hungary—his own part of the country had been lost to Roumania—except that he returned "from pain to greater pain." He lived until 1931, and completed "Black Monastery" a few months before his death. It should take its place beside any of the narratives of captivity.

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In the course of an article on French epigrams in a recent issue of the *London Times Literary Supplement* the author remarks: "The writer who, more than any other, has influenced epigram in the last three hundred years is undoubtedly Martial. His name has a solitary eminence in Latin, whereas in the Greek Anthology so many writers attain to excellence that no one, not even a Meleager, is exalted high above the crowd. Today, nevertheless, the great prestige of Martial, in England as well as abroad, is due in part to the lazy acceptance of old authority. . . . Martial, to the unbiased modern reader, is often dull, though not so often dull as disgusting. His humor is limited in its range, he is often suprisingly slow in coming to the point, and he does not atone for lack of subtlety by any vital exuberance."

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# The Business of Betrayal

*ALL'S FAIR. By Captain Henry Landau. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1934. $3.

*SPIES AND THE NEXT WAR. By Richard W. Rowan. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

CAPTAIN LANDAU has written one of the most satisfactory of the so-called "spy-books" I have seen. In reality, it is not spy-book at all but rather a volume devoted to the description of the fashion in which during the war British Military Intelligence operated from Holland to collect information behind the German lines in Belgium. There are no Mata Haris, and the most pleasing feminine figure is little Flemish Marie, aged fourteen years, who slipped invaluable notes through the frontier wire fence and brought back chocolate for her grandfatherly old German Landsturmer, whom she fooled completely.

Captain Landau, himself, was born of a British mother and a Boer father, and his earliest memories were associated with the experiences of the Boer War. More than a little he recalls Bruce Lockhart, and he, too, was a "British Agent," but he functioned in the far less spectacular milieu of a Dutch town. Like Lockhart, the job and the life in the end "got" him, and the later pages of his book are devoted to personal narrative rather than to the account of public service.

In the earlier pages, however, Captain Landau has set down memorably the fashion in which in war the news of enemy doings is obtained. The chief objective of his operations was to establish a complete checking system to record the movement of German troop trains in Belgium. For, as these trains moved east or west, it was possible to forecast offensives, to determine the size of the operations which were being mounted, and to identify the divisions actually to be employed.

To begin with, there had to be watchers established in houses alongside of all the strategic railway lines, and these had to function twenty-four hours each day. Then their reports had to be collected by human letter boxes, assembled and bootlegged into Holland across a frontier protected by a high voltage wire and watched by guards stationed within fifty feet of each other. To be caught performing any one of the many tasks incident to this job was to be sent before a firing squad, and Captain Landau's assistants paid their toll.

Before the war ended more than two thousand men and women were working at this business in Belgium. Their reports flowed in regularly, in fact a telephone line was nearly ready to function underneath the electrically guarded frontier. Some of Landau's best assistants met death, others were detected and spared for political reasons. In the end the thing became as highly organized as the Associated Press system for collecting news. All the later offensives were controlled and checked.

There were thrills and tragedies. A Dutch subject sent from London to assist Landau was caught dealing with the enemy, trussed up and shipped back to England under the noses of the Dutch authorities. There was a Russian Princess who briefly added a touch of romance, but only briefly. There was a Belgian senator whom the Germans thought to exploit because he was a socialist and Landau used because he proved a patriot. He was caught but spared, because the Germans always clung to the illusion that they could use socialists in the west as they did use Lenin and Trotsky in the east.

One day a Dutch friend warned Landau to follow him to an obscure frontier station. There in the grey of the morning he saw the Kaiser arrive as a fugitive on Dutch soil. Afterwards he plunged into Belgium and saw the German army in retreat. His picture of that retreat is vivid and deserves to be set beside that which Richard Harding Davis made of the advance of the same army through Brussels four years earlier. Still later Landau drifted back and forth through post-war Europe held in thrall of a romance which ended a little sordidly.

But what is most worth while in this book—and very much worth while—is the rather dry narrative of how this machine for collecting the news of the enemy was mounted. After a fashion Landau was the managing editor. He wrote nothing, he saw very little. His reporters got the news and he passed it on. His editor-in-chief, actually, although not literally, was Sir Douglas Haig, the leading articles based on his news were military operations. Captain Landau calls his greatest triumph a "scoop," and the figure holds for the whole story.

It is a matter of record now that the British surpassed everybody else, friend and foe alike, in what one still calls the "spy-business." Landau's is the best account I know of how they did it as it is also an exact report of how one of the important phases of the operation was conducted. It isn't nearly as dull a book as I fear I have made it out to be, but for the intelligence bureaus of the various armies, what is dullest in it will call forth the most praise.

The second volume before me, Mr. Rowan's, is a disappointing book notwithstanding the fact that it is both timely in itself, and that the author discloses no small familiarity with his subject. And the reason is discoverable in the fact that although the volume, as its title indicates, professes to be a discussion of "Spies and the Next War," several chapters are devoted to the "next war"—and to the last—before one comes to the main issue of spies at all.

The attempt to discuss the larger issues both of old wars and new is at once sensational and crowded with rather absurd misstatements, such, for example, as the revival of the old canard that the United States paid rent for the trenches in which its soldiers stood in France. To intimate that Edith Cavell could have been saved had the British been more interested in saving the gallant nurse than in making propaganda out of her execution is, too, at once a cruel and unfounded insinuation.

The trouble is that Mr. Rowan has felt it necessary to scare his readers before he gets to the consideration of the main issue. He has obviously calculated that in the matter of spies, as of ghosts, one must approach the subject with hair standing on end and gooseflesh properly prepared. The result is rather a grotesque approach to what is a fairly illuminating consideration of espionage and propaganda.

One obsession among many of Mr. Rowan's must, however, call for protest. At all times he is troubled by the conviction that everywhere in high places old men are sitting in secret conference scheming to send the youth of their respective nations to battle. Of course it is a little difficult to guess what he considers old, but certainly Mussolini, Hitler, and the men about them, who direct Italian and German affairs with an eye to impending battle, can hardly be reckoned aged. Nor was Dollfuss, who disappeared tragically the other day, exactly overcome with years. In fact, in the post-war period it has been a young man's world rather impressively without, as a consequence, becoming peaceful.

If the reader will skip the first hundred pages of this book, however, and begin with the actual discussion of spies and spying, old and new, he will find much to reward him, both from the point of view of romance and the more sordid business of plain betrayal. Particularly interesting is the story of Fräulein Doktor Elsbeth Schragmueller, whose school of spies conducted in Antwerp has become legendary and whose precepts for spy conduct are the alphabet of this black art. Not less appealing is the record of the German, Wassmuss, who fought the resources of the whole British Empire single-handed in Persia. Less well advertised than Lawrence, his exploits were well-nigh as amazing.

Charged with having attempted to persuade native leaders to forego ransom and send him a captured British girl, Wassmuss did not trouble to deny the soft impeachment. On the contrary he observed, "life was dreadfully dull and crude for me in that part of Persia at the time. I particularly lacked the society of a young woman from the West."

Then there was Maria Sorrell, "an adventuress who was restless, bewitching, and knew no fear." She was also a "blond Polish girl." In the end, like Mata Hari, who also appears briefly in these pages, she died tragically, but not until she had satisfied all the requirements of her trade, in fact of her several trades. There are also pages of "codes" challenging the ingenuity and taxing the credulity of the reader. In fact, by the time one has come to the end of the book it is almost possible to forgive the author for the beginning of it—but not quite.

# Song of the Rabbits Outside the Tavern

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

WE who play under the pines,
We who dance in the snow
That shines blue in the light of the moon
Sometimes halt as we go,
Stand with our ears erect,
Our noses testing the air
To gaze at the golden world
Behind the windows there.

Suns they have in a cave,
And stars each on a tall white stem
And the thought of fox or of owl
Seems never to trouble them.
They laugh and eat and are warm,
Their food is ready at hand
While hungry out in the cold
We little rabbits stand.

But they never dance as we dance
They have not the speed nor the
We scorn both the cat and the do
Who lie by their fireplace,
We scorn them, licking their paws
Their eyes on an upraised spoon—
We who dance hungry and wild
Under a winter's moon!

# Double-Crostics: Number 25

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

## DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram.

## DEFINITIONS

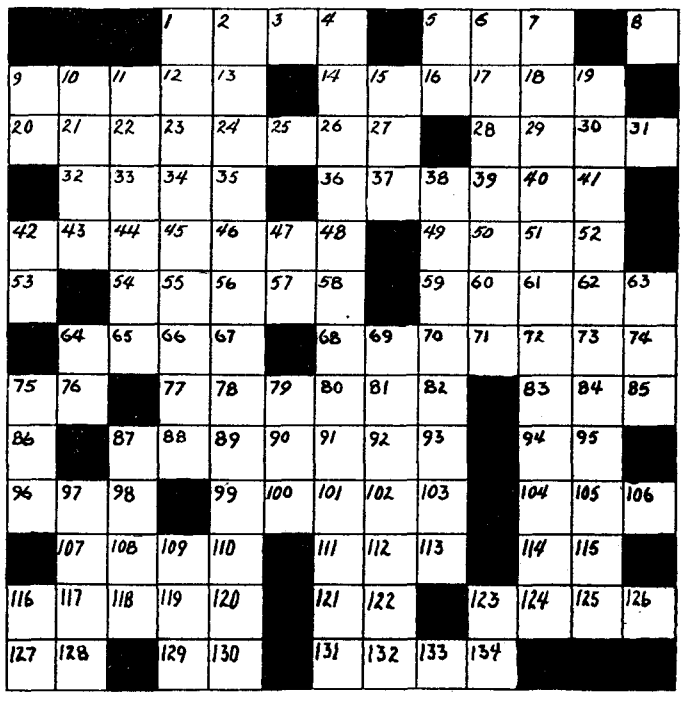
I. 51-9-59-90-71-109. A European capital.
II. 121-78-17-33-106-55-113-47. Ability, endowment.
III. 124-8-56-34. Connection, coupling.
IV. 11-105-74-1. Grassy surface or plot.
V. 19-83-129-52. Vivacity, impetuosity.
VI. 2-26-69-89-104-48. Survivals or remains.
VII. 102-60-21-43-73-31. Star of the first magnitude.
VIII. 53-45-108-93-96-111-76-64. Desertion of faith or principle.
IX. 132-119-67-7-40-98-95-38. Malignant, noxious.
X. 116-72-126-70-79-30. Vari-colored fall flowers.
XI. 82-29-58. English poet and dramatist (1685-1732).
XII. 41-130-68-134-15-39. Sprightly intelligence.
XIII. 25-84-61-5. Historian of Rome.
XIV. 118-36-46-23-63-92-87. Attracted; inveigled.
XV. 112-37-44. Pinch, restrain, blight.
XVI. 107-114-128. Regular, suitable; expected.
XVII. 22-103-12-85-50-122-97. Wisconsin manufacturing city.
XVIII. 42-62-117-101-18-13. To entertain luxuriously.
XIX. 125-4-28-77. Mischievous little devils.
XX. 88-120-80-14-75. I m b e c i l e; old-womanish.
XXI. 57-35-115-20-66-81-86. Member of the solar system.
XXII. 16-3-100-91-133-27. Originally, adherents of James II.
XXIII. 127-6-24-99-65-123-32-94-110. Dreadful apparition.
XXIV. 131-10-49-54. Purposes, directions.

## WORDS

I. _ _ _ _ _
II. _ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. _ _ _ _
IV. _ _ _ _
V. _ _ _ _
VI. _ _ _ _ _
VII. _ _ _ _ _
VIII. _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. _ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. _ _ _ _ _
XI. _ _ _
XII. _ _ _ _ _
XIII. _ _ _ _
XIV. _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. _ _ _
XVI. _ _ _
XVII. _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. _ _ _ _ _
XIX. _ _ _ _
XX. _ _ _ _ _
XXI. _ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIV. _ _ _ _

When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.



## SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 24)

TROLLOPE—"FRAMLEY PARSONAGE"

When the husband walks back from the altar, he has already swallowed the choicest dainties of his banquet. The beef and pudding of married life are then in store for him;—or perhaps only the bread and cheese.

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# A Great Teacher

*GEORGE HOLMES HOWISON, PHILOSOPHER AND TEACHER. By John Wright Buckham and George Malcolm Stratton. Berkeley: University of California Press.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BRAND BLANSHARD

THIS book is an attempt to do justice to the memory of a teacher of philosophy just a century after his birth. It comprises a memoir, written with affection and grace by one of his former students, Professor George M. Stratton, and a selection of his essays, prepared by Professor J. W. Buckham.

Howison's name has never been familiar to any extended public, yet few American teachers in his field have had anything like his influence. He was the virtual founder of philosophy upon the Pacific coast. From his classroom at the University of California there issued a long stream of enthusiasts for the "life of reason" who turned, many of them, into professional philosophers themselves.

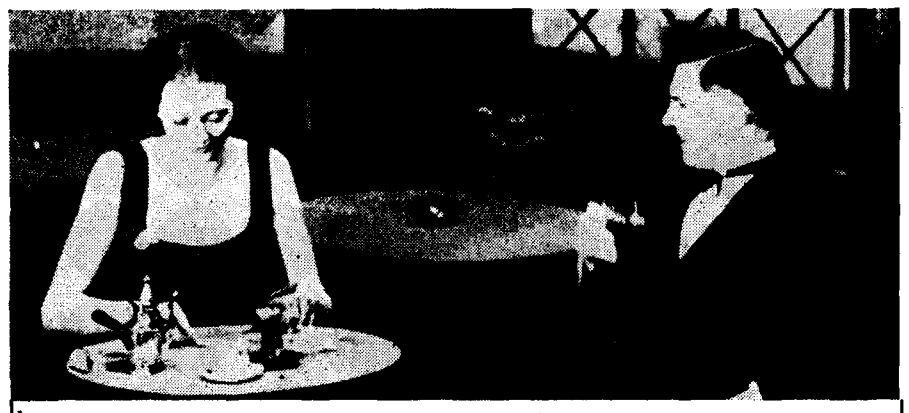
Such recognition as he received came late. His appointment to California—the only one he ever received that proved other than temporary—came when he was about fifty; his first book on philosophy appeared at sixty-six. His almost interminable apprenticeship he served in secondary schools, in teaching mathematics and Latin at Washington University, St. Louis, in substituting for a Harvard Divinity professor, in a short-lived post at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and in roving study in Germany. The post at Harvard that he had hoped for went instead to Royce; and meanwhile an extreme fastidiousness about writing kept his output small and his light effectively hidden under a bushel.

In California he found himself. In his long years in the galleys he had evolved a system of philosophy which, besides being technically competent, was inspiring in its conclusions; and since, as Mr. Stratton says, "he was first of all a speaker," he soon became a power on the Berkeley campus. Further, he was just enough of a "character" to endear himself to the students. He had a strong touch about him of the absent-minded professor; the time when his lectures would begin or end was incalculable, and when he appeared in class it was commonly in the company of his little dog Socrates; he decided which students to call on by taking marked balls at random from an urn that stood on his desk; he rather enjoyed a fight and figured often in local newspapers. In philosophy he was less a judge than an advocate, or better, a seer, touched with eloquence and passion. "Howison," said Professor Hocking, "comes as near to Elijah the prophet, and in some ways to old Simon Peter, as any human being I expect to meet in my time."

With all his pains, Howison did not succeed in translating his personality into his writing. The style of his essays remains pretty formal and abstract. Nor is the style of his thinking much in vogue today. In discussing his favorite subjects, God, freedom, and immortality, he is inclined to take the "high priori road" after the manner of his German masters, and pursue it across cloudy uplands where the visibility is quite too low for the reader's comfort. One is likely to finish impressed but unconvinced. The fact remains, however, that in his chief positions time has either justified Howison or brought the support of other competent thinkers. The point of his main book, "The Limits of Evolution," is that intelligence and the moral sense cannot in principle be explained by evolution, and this would probably now be agreed to by the majority of metaphysicians. His type of philosophic view, which may be described as pluralistic idealism, though regarded as bizarre when he first advanced it, has been accepted by one of the acutest thinkers of our day, the late Dr. McTaggart of Cambridge. Nevertheless, to Howison's great disappointment, most of his students were unable to adopt his theory; "not one of them teaches the truth," he said sorrowfully of those who had themselves become philosophers. It seems likely that his chief contribution to his subject will remain not so much what he taught, as the infectious devotion and enthusiasm with which he taught it.

* *

*Brand Blanshard is a member of the faculty of philosophy of Swarthmore College.*



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# Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DE LANCEY FERGUSON

JUST now, when lots of people doubt if there is such a thing as progress, except from bad to worse, it is interesting to find out how and when the notion started. In *Modern Philology* for May Ronald S. Crane published the concluding section of a long study of "Anglican Apologetics and the Idea of Progress, 1699-1745." He found that the French influence in popularizing the assumption of general and indefinite progress in human affairs has been exaggerated. Long before the French ideas could have crossed the Channel, "Englishmen were in the way of developing for themselves a distinctive theory of the general progress of man which was destined to hold its ground until late in the century. . . . In the formulation of this theory . . . before 1750 the determining factors were mainly . . . religious. . . . It was not, as in France, among the enemies of the church that the new philosophy chiefly took shape, but rather among its friends."

If you described an eminent poet as a "sneaking pettifogger," as "a retired, pensive, egotistical *collector of stamps,* . . . overflowing with envy, malignity, and a thousand bad passions," or even as "a melancholy, sighing, half-parson sort of gentleman, who lives in a small circle of old maids and sonneteers, and drinks tea now and then with the solemn Laureate," you could scarcely be rated as his unswerving champion, however warmly you might commend him at other times. Such is Alan Lang Strout's conclusion in his study of "John Wilson, 'Champion' of Wordsworth." This article in *Modern Philology* is a companion to the same author's review, in *Publications of the Modern Language Association* for March, of the earlier relations of the two men. Mr. Strout thinks that the famous editor of *Blackwood's* was not intentionally insincere, but merely a creature of emotion.

In the same issue of *PMLA* Coleman Oscar Parsons's "Character Names in the Waverley Novels" tears aside all the veils from Sir Walter's humorous or naive Scottish label-names. But do names like Mucklewame, Gumblegumption, and Mucklebackit really need explanation?

# Aspects of Jewish Life

*JUDAISM AS A CIVILIZATION. By Mordecai M. Kaplan. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1934. $5.

Reviewed by D. DE SOLA POOL

INTELLECTUALLY Professor Kaplan is a theistic humanist; emotionally he is swayed by the folkways of the Jewish people. In attempting to achieve an inner harmonization between these elements in his being he has undertaken a reformulation of Judaism with a minimum of theology and a greater emphasis on the national and communal aspects of Jewish life. He is convinced that if Judaism is to accord with the needs of the modern man, the Jew must revalue Judaism's spiritual teachings in terms of the historic Jewish people rather than in terms of supernatural sanctions and ethical principles. He must synthesize its religious elements and its cultural and secular elements into a "civilization." This civilization includes the social framework of national unity centering in Palestine, a continuing history, a living language and literature, social organization, religious folkways, mores, laws, and order. This Jewish civilization is individual as is every civilization, not so much in the ideals which it expresses as in the social institutions evolved to express those ideals. It must be regarded as a cultural whole of which the religious element is the soul.

Professor Kaplan arrives at his redefinition of Judaism as the result of an exhaustive analysis of what he terms Jewish Neo-Orthodoxy, Conservatism, and Reformism. One may question the legitimacy of his treating the rhetorical writings of Samson Raphael Hirsch, Morris Joseph, Julius H. Greenstone, and Kaufman Kohler as if they were coldly official statements of creed and doctrine forged and hammered out at synods. But in the face of the virtually complete lack of official Jewish creeds, he necessarily had to select some personal expressions as representatives of different points of view, and he has treated these to an analysis that is penetrating, encyclopedic, and merciless.

When he passes from his largely irrefutable analysis to outline a synthesis his troubles begin. If Judaism is to be regarded as a civilization and not simply as a religion, making this larger emphasis effective in human lives involves a problem in education that is so complex and difficult as to be almost a Messianic vision. Plato felt that his Republic would become a reality only when kings were philosophers or philosophers kings. Professor Kaplan's ideal will become a reality when the Jewish man of the street becomes a philosopher. Yet the clear enunciation of an ideal is a primary essential of progress, and with almost quixotic courage Professor Kaplan has formulated an ideal.

This formulation will be greeted with every type of theological brickbat. Gentile readers will react against the breadth of his claims for Judaism as a civilization. Jews, whether orthodox, conservative, or reform, will assail his trenchant critique of their creed and practices. Others who agree with his powerful analyses will repudiate the singular individual suggestions in his synthesis in favor of their own idiosyncrasies. Others will be alienated by his rationalistic approach to mystic truth, by his critical refashioning of Judaism's old beliefs, and by the categorical assertiveness which impatiently brushes aside other points of view and launches numerous ultimata that if this continues to be done or that is not done Judaism and the Jew are doomed. Professor Kaplan opens himself to further attack by stating all his numerous theses with the relentless equality of emphasis of a metronome. It is bewildering to have bowling alleys, pool tables, and game rooms put into the same category as religious services, or to be informed with equal positiveness that belief in God is indispensable and a Hebrew theatre is indispensable for a continuation of a Jewish civilization. Yet the number, the variety, and the vigor of the brickbats which will be directed against him will be the most eloquent testimony to the basic value of his work. He has issued a resounding challenge which none interested in Judaism can disregard. If it raises as many problems as it solves, it is nevertheless an essentially serious and profound contribution not only to Jewish thinking but to all thinking about the problem of religion in the modern world. Professor Kaplan's book is a contribution of permanent value towards understanding the cultural and spiritual components of modern society.

* *

*D. de Sola Pool is rabbi of the Portuguese and Spanish synagogue Shearith Israel of New York City.*

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# The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE will be a new *Wodehouse* and *Jeeves* novel on October 15th. It is called "Brinkley Manor." In it you will find Bertie Wooster's shy friend Gussie Fink-Nottle, who is an authority on newts. Little, Brown is the publisher. . . . On September 28th Scribner will publish *Herbert Hoover's* "The Challenge to Liberty." The first printing will be 75,000 copies. . . . The same firm brings out *S. S. Van Dine's* new Philo Vance novel, "The Casino Murder Case," the end of this month. . . . *Allen Tate's* "Dixie Muse," the story of Southern literature, has been postponed until next February by Funk & Wagnalls. . . . *John Holmes*, the poet, has a friend, *Robert Rounds*, who has been teaching English in the Hillside Junior High School in Montclair, New Jersey. Under his direction his pupils have written poetry as well as prose. Mr. Holmes sends me some examples. Unfortunately I haven't room to print them here, though they are quite good. I have room only for the briefest, that by *Helen Ellis* in the 9th Grade. To all of us who try to write masterpieces it must come home with a dull thud!

*THE STORY OF A MASTERPIECE*

*Meditation.*
*Inspiration.*
*Complication.*
*Ruination.*

The Columbia University Press informs me that as the books of the old Library were recently moved to the new one on South Field, a chute was constructed in front of the old Library over the Library steps to the north sidewalk of 116th Street. Down its greased rollers they slid the hundreds of boxes containing the millions of books to be transferred. A representative was on hand to report the progress of the first box down the chute. Here it came—18″ x 36″—but, lo and behold, it contained no books! It contained instead the dignified librarian of Columbia University himself, who with his knees under his chin, was unwilling to subject his precious tomes to any rigors he could not himself survive! . . . I am glad to hear that a third book is coming from *Madame Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto*, whose autobiographical story of childhood in old Japan, "A Daughter of the Samurai," has been one of Doubleday, Doran's most constant best-sellers. The author is now in Tokio. She belonged to a conservative old Manchu family. She was betrothed when a child to her brother's friend who was a Japanese merchant in the United States, and in her early twenties sailed for America alone to marry her fiancé in Cincinnati, Ohio. Both of her daughters were born in Cincinnati and there she spent the first and happiest part of her American life. After her husband's death she taught Japanese at Columbia. *Christopher Morley*, when on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, first encouraged her to write. . . . *Doris Leslie*, author of the novel "Full Flavour," which is meeting with such a warm reception, is an actress who has played leading roles at the Old Vic in London and in Birmingham Repertory productions. Her stage name was *Doris Ormond*, and she is the widow of *John Leslie*, the well known English actor. . . . I am informed that one *B. A. Heimbinder* has written "White Conquest: An Epic of Antarctica," which relates in epic form *Admiral Byrd's* flight of 1928 to 1929. It is to be published this fall in a specially bound, privately printed, limited edition. Any further information concerning it may be obtained from *M. F. Wolcott*, 181 Lexington Avenue, this city. . . . *Dale Warren* wrote me at the end of August that London seemed to him grander than ever on his recent trip. He had an intermission drink between two of the ballets at the Covent Garden with *T. S. Eliot* and *Frank Morley*. He found *Maude Meagher*, author of "Fantastic Traveller" (a favorite of mine) had gone to China with *Mrs. Ayscough*. But she is soon arriving in San Francisco, where she expects to buy an ancient car and "push it along in the direction of New York, stopping wherever a farmer's wife or a doss-house will take me in. For a year at least I am going to try to get the feel of America once more, after fifteen years of Europe." People in London, says Dale, were talking about *Sacheverell Sitwell's* new life of *Liszt*, and the English are taking up *John Livingston Lowes's* "The Road to Xanadu," *David Garnett* having pronounced it "the most illuminating analysis of a British mind that has ever been made." . . . *William Lyon Phelps* is the uncrowned king of the Thumb of Michigan. Sunday after Sunday at Huron City he draws a full house of one thousand from all parts of the state to his afternoon sermons. . . . *Ives Washburn* will publish in October *Frank Shay's* "Pirate Wench." When, as an able seaman some years ago, Frank saw the *Black Bird* commanded by *Mary Read*, sail by in the moonlight, he determined to look up that pirate girl's history. He has, and here it is. . . . *Louis Adamic* is rooting for "The Foundry" by *Albert Halper*. He believes no better American novel has appeared since "Arrowsmith" and "An American Tragedy." The Viking Press publishes the book. . . . Halper is now abroad on a Guggenheim fellowship, expecting to settle in London for the first nine months. . . . A young English poet and lecturer recently wrote a letter to the editors of *Story* saying he had discovered in the streets of San Francisco an American "woman Villon" begging. She asked the San Francisco visitor for a dime on Market Street, and when he blew her to a restaurant meal, he found her carrying "exercise books" containing "of all things, poetry," poems written in the depths of depression, poems of beggary, prostitution, imprisonment, vagrancy, starvation, and beauty!

There is, I understand, a Sunday Poetry Gallery and Forum up at the Barbizon-Plaza in that New York which I have deserted for the summer. It sounds rather portentous. "Among the surprises planned will be Costume Poetry Recitals. On the terrace on the thirtieth Floor of the Barbizon-Plaza, or in the gallery, may suddenly appear Sally Fairfax, ready to play her part as Martha, with the youthful George Washington, re-enacting a romantic episode of Washington's youth. Or the vivacious Dolly Madison—" . . . But peace, peace—look at that squirrel out there, chasing that chipmunk round a stump! . . . Sometime ago *Joseph Shipley* received a special invitation which struck him as so curious he forwarded it to me. It was from one Michael Anthony Panelle of San Francisco and asked him to submit his manuscripts for inclusion in "Contemporary American Lyricists" "to be compiled by the distinguished poet, Michael Anthony Panelle." ("Distinguished for what?" I pause to interpolate.) Only "definitely-accepted contributors" were to be asked to subscribe to the book. "Please Hurry Your Mss!" read the heading of the postal-card. . . . This is just one small facet of what might be called The Poetry Racket in America, whereby poets desirous of publication either contribute gratis to some book compiled by an unknown, or are prevailed upon also to purchase copies of that book. Poets with any degree of sagacity will demand payment for their contributions or refuse to participate in any such enterprise, for this as well as many other reasons. . . . I like the following poem of *Edwina Stanton Babcock's* who is a great devotee of Nantucket Island. It was sent to me by her last October, but it seems a good poem to publish about this time of the year. It is called

*WAGONS*

*Where the kelp-carts go toiling past the dune*
*Piled with dead sea-grass for the arid farm,*
*A shadowy wain, under Thessalian moon,*
*Moves toward the threshing-floor where sunburned swarm*
*Trod the bright grape or swung the flailer's arm,*
*While garlanded with grain and seasonal boon*
*Festal procession winding sun and storm*
*Filled crib and barn with crops golden and warm.*

*Yet now no Scythian at pipe of Spring*
*Moves flock and nomad-wagon down the vale,*
*By the great plane or stream's meandering,*
*To wattled hut in oleander swale;*
*No pastoral wheel marks sand-obliterate trail;*
*But down the adamant highways, menacing,*
*The dark-doomed tumbrils piled with bloody bale*
*Bring slaughtered youth, mulch for the old man's tale.*


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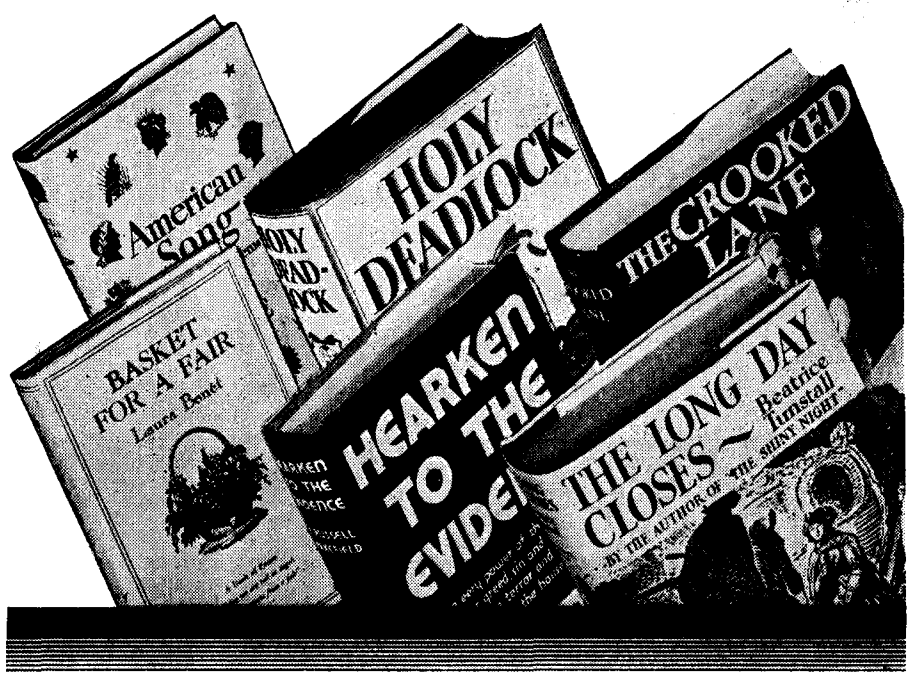

THERE was a Starmont at Senlac, and he must have borne himself bravely in that dread fray. For William of Normandy gave him thirty manors in our fair land of Western Mercia, and the right to encircle his arms with the Conqueror's own watchword: *God is my help.*

Throughout the ages, in all the long day of their prosperity, the Conqueror's watchword was the pride and stay of the Starmonts.

"God is my help!" said William, the Lancastrian, when, even as it lay on the block, his head was spared.

"God is my help!" cried Sir Henry, as he rode unscathed from Flodden Field.

"God is my help," muttered old Squire, and turned his face to the wall, and died at peace.

—From THE LONG DAY CLOSES, by Beatrice Tunstall—the long, rich new novel by the author of "The Shiny Night." $2.50

SHE turned the handle where the "Do Not Disturb" sign still dangled its gay warning, and crossed the threshold with her long, light step, not stopping until she was half across the room. After a moment of rigid incredulity, he followed her. . . . He took another step and lifted the swinging hand in his. It was still warm and flexible—so tiny in its boneless, velvety perfection that it seemed incredible that it should ever be cold, and quiet, and stiff. He circled the slight wrist with his fingers, his eyes on the thin trickle of liquid dying at the edge of the tall glass. . . . After a minute he let the hand swing free and rose to his feet. . . . "The mirror did not lie," he said.

—From THE CROOKED LANE, the brilliant new murder-mystery by Frances Noyes Hart, author of "The Bellamy Trial." $2.50

NO PRAISE is ever given
To little valleys,
Yet hills are riven
With their leafy alleys,
Offering peace
Like children on their knees.

—From Laura Benét's exquisite new book of poetry, BASKET FOR A FAIR. Just published. $1.75

SANDRA closed her eyes and clenched her teeth. "All right, John," she said after a moment. "That's over. I'll be all right. But I had to be like it for a moment. I'll be calm now."

"Always remember this," he said coldly. "You're innocent, and innocent people don't get punished."

"They must do sometimes," replied Sandra quietly. "There must always be people like me who get trapped, betrayed and then the State—everybody—says: 'You're out of everything from now, ... you, or till we let you out of ... only I could get out of here ... seconds and be alone!"

—From H. Russell Wakefield's TO THE EVIDENCE—most powerful courtroom novel since "The Paradine Case." $2.00

SO here he was at last, travelling down to Brighton with a strange young woman in a first-class carriage.

What a situation for a publisher of school books!

And this was only the beginning. A whole week-end waited ahead of him, as elastic and uncertain as a week-end in the trenches.

So far, Miss May Myrtle had given him no trouble at all. At Victoria she had said "Good-afternoon": on the platform she said it was a nice day: in the carriage she said she preferred back to the engine: and there she was, sitting quiet in her corner with the *Happy Magazine*. No facetious remarks: no ferrety questions. She was the well-trained expert, discreetly doing her job.

—From HOLY DEADLOCK, by A. P. Herbert, author of "The Water Gipsies"—gayest, most sparkling satire of the year. $2.50

NOON is the brittle time of men, the deep
Sky of morning and its soft clouds tighten
Until with afternoon they crack and spill
Coolness and shadow on the earth. The silence
Of all things living is a tiny shout
Faint and far off, and the lives of men grow tense
When a man's work is halted for an hour
And he becomes a voiceless shadow under
The flaming tree of noon, and he cannot raise
A sudden hand for fear that it will shatter
The tautened air and the stretched wind that twists
Like a coiled spring.

—From Paul Engle's best-selling book of verses—AMERICAN SONG. 6th Printing. $1.75

Doubleday, Doran


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No wife knows her husband
No father knows his son
No woman knows her lover

But if all three could pool their knowledge of a man his full figure would emerge.

No Man Is Single

BY STUART HAWKINS

The story of an American artist told by the three people who knew him best.

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★ ★ ★ The most highly praised first novel in years!

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"It is triple-starred among my recommendations. I should not be surprised if this turned out to be *the* outstanding novel of the season. It has beauty, depth, force; it is calm and compelling and yet full of surprises . . . A mature and magnificent story. Read and enjoy it."—BURTON RASCOE, in *Esquire.*

*"Major experience." — John Chamberlain. "First rate."—Donald Gordon. "Finely human—superbly American."—N. Y. Times. "A rich book."—Herschel Brickell. "Strongly original."—Christopher Morley. "The real thing."—Alfred F. Loomis. "Get two copies."—Isabel Paterson. "As fine a book about the sea as I have ever read."—Saturday Review*

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"HER PEOPLE ARE INTENSELY REAL and their problems, their hopes, their desires and disappointments are as serious—and consequently as dignified and moving—as those of any people anywhere. There is gusto in the book and mystery and superstition which seem a part of the mountains themselves. . . ."—N. Y. Times. $2.50

THE HILLS STEP LIGHTLY

by Alberta Pierson Hannum

AND PUBLISHED BY MORROW

# The New Books

## Biography

*ROBERT THE BRUCE. By Eric Linklater. Appleton-Century.* 1934. $1.50.

*HENRY VIII. By Helen Simpson. The same.*

New additions to the Appleton series of popular biographies, eminently readable little books in which well-known novelists, poets, and critics are given the opportunity to expound their interpretations of famous characters, are always welcome. These two do nothing to diminish the luster of the series. Mr. Linklater is at his patriotic best in presenting the medieval liberator of Scotland. It is almost as if Magnus Merriman himself, in his period of most intense nationalism, were out to win new converts to the idea of Scottish independence by sounding the glories of the great Robert. He is a twentieth century Barbour, accomplishing with a rapid, fiery prose to which his wit gives added zest, what his predecessor achieved in the full length of epic poetry.

Miss Simpson's study of Henry emphasizes the quality of his statesmanship. She very wisely avoids, in so far as she can, the pretty problems of his private life, which have been somewhat overworked of late, and concentrates upon his capacity as a ruler. A practical woman of the world, who allows neither virtue nor vice to obscure her vision of the truth, she sees in him a Machiavellian prince, profiting by the wisdom of the Florentine sage, and, himself the typical Englishman of his time, laying the foundations of the crafty and mercantile England that was to grow newly powerful.

C. D. A.

## Fiction

*BRASSBOUND. By Mary Bickel. New York: Coward-McCann.* 1934. $2.

In the first three quarters of Mrs. Bickel's novel there is deft characterization, an out of the ordinary plot, and effective suspense. To be sure, the narrative is tricky in technique, but it is essentially satisfactory. Only in its last quarter does "Brassbound" fall into ordinary sentiment and banal romancing, pushing through almost by main strength to a happy ending. It is difficult to believe that Mrs. Bickel can be pleased with this latter part. Certainly she ought not to be, for she has considerable power in narrative.

In general, the story doubles back and forth, switching from Linda Stuart's trial for murder to the various events of her fifteen long years of engagement to the man she is charged with killing. As the prosecutor quizzes her, her mind travels back to the realities of the past years and contrasts them with the inferences craftily presented to the jury. These contrasts are dramatic and impressive. As her direct examination progresses, characters from the past emerge; her memory shapes them. The whole history of her relations with Clayton Carroll, to whom she was engaged, and Scott Barclay, whom she loved, is developed in this way, by contrast with the actualities of the trial or in elaboration of them. Mrs. Bickel writes with skill, building the psychopathic Clay into a character terrifying in his power to create evil. Hardly less interesting is Linda, self-revealed as bound by ties, precious in appearance but base in reality, to her torturer. And there is an ironic bite in old Aunt Rilla's weakness as she becomes a wholly unconscious tool for Clay. At its best the narrative is fresh and capable. The background, a small city in Vermont, is pleasantly neutral.

The legal details, of which there are many, will be persuasive to most lay readers. There are reminders of a most celebrated case, still officially unsolved, in the demonstration of who actually did kill Clay. Mrs. Bickel's final pages bring the story to a conclusion that is more than a little unsatisfactory in every way. But it serves, and at least it is not wholly unreasonable. Obviously, a happy ending was in the air.

The publishers of this novel state that it was chosen by the editors of *Liberty* for first prize in a contest for writers who had not previously had a novel published.

R. B. M.

*MOONRISE ON THE INDUS. By Dennis Kincaid. Harcourt, Brace.* 1934. $2.

Somewhere in this book there is casual mention of cactus as part of the scenery, so, in England, it was published as "Cactus Land." The action begins and ends in Bombay but most of it takes place on the Northwest frontier, which seems to have been sufficient provocation to entitle the book "Moonrise on the Indus" for its American debut. Defoe in 1683 could print the story of a woman "who was twelve years a whore" only by interlarding it with pious moralizings on every page. In these days we may call a spade a bloody shovel with impunity throughout the body of a novel, but it seems necessary to conceal a story of the genesis and evolution of a prostitute under some botanico- or astronomico-geographical title to make it saleable.

If there is any possible justification for the title, it lies in the fact that the reader's interest is held more by the setting and the sketching of subsidiary incidents than in the principal characters. The tale wanders off to describe scenes in which Kitti, the heroine, is only remotely concerned. While the author is adept at swift character sketching, he is at his best in conveying the atmosphere of the country in which he obviously is entranced. He is content to report without philosophizing or moralizing, but one cannot help feeling that his story would have been better had he been more interested in the "why" than in the "what" of his characters' actions.

"Kitti," daughter of a casual evening between a British soldier and an Eurasian shop-girl, is one of the countless blobs of humanity that are constantly being spewed into the stream of Indian life without responsible paternity. Her disgraced mother hands her over to one of the more renowned prostitutes of Bombay's red light district where she is taught to dance and

(*Continued on page* 118)

# The Criminal Record

## The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| HEARKEN TO THE EVIDENCE *H. Russell Wakefield* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.) | Elderly, ailing husband: young wife: two more or less "innocent" lovers: arsenic in wine: death; wife convicted. Guilty? | Astonishingly human yarn with grand court room scenes, smashing climax, and reams of brilliant dialogue. | Perfect |
| THE RIDDLE OF THE TRAVELING SKULL *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2.) | Ubiquitous death's-head romps around country trailing wealthy man with past, lovely daughter and fiancé who solves puzzle. | Along with some grand and lofty spoofing Mr. Keeler also purveys a swiftly moving though incredible tale. | Mad, but good |
| CROOK'S CASTLE *George Dilnot* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.) | Kidnapped beauty followed to spooky British castle by doughty American sleuth who thwarts crew of wicked willains. | Underground passages, torture chambers, vicious dogs, fiendish men, omniscient detectives, all the Wallace trappings—but no spark. | Tosh |
| SINISTER INN *J. Jefferson Farjeon* (Dodd, Mead: $2.) | British castaways on Breton coast run into murder and other inconveniences at eerie hostelry. They extricate themselves. | Only a modicum of mystery, but much rushing around, rastling, and clever colloquy, with pleasant "love interest." | Ho-hum! |

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# The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

### THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

H. G. W. of Shelburne, Vt. *would perhaps a-roaming go; at any rate he wants the names of books showing modern Hawaiian architecture with floor plans, etc., and containing descriptions and building costs "out there in Hawaii." He also is interested in the titles of novels with a Hawaiian background, and books dealing in a general or specific way with the Islands.*

I HOPE I haven't raised the price of real estate in Hawaii by the inquiries I've been making of architectural concerns and travel agencies in behalf of H. G. W. Unfortunately they've been made in vain, for no one, as far as I can discover, in any commercial organization has any idea of erecting houses in Hawaii or any knowledge of what it costs to do so. Nor have the New York Public Library and the Avery Architectural Library of Columbia University any books in their possession that would cast light on the subject. At the latter library a most obliging official made exhaustive researches for me with no results. So I'm forced to the conclusion that houses in Hawaii, like Topsy, "just grow." Or perhaps, in the words of a once popular song, people merely make their homes "under the shade of the sheltering palms." I can give H. G. W. a reference on homes of the past, however, if he wants it—William T. Brigham's THE ANCIENT HAWAIIAN HOUSE, a volume with plates of various dwellings put out by the Bishop Museum, which institution issues a number of scientific studies H. G. W. may want. Among them are annual reports of the governor, HAWAIIAN PLANT STUDIES by H. St. John, and numerous works in ethnology and natural history. The *Honolulu Star Bulletin* also issues a series of books which contain statistical and descriptive material, such works as ALL ABOUT HAWAII by W. Cogswell, HAWAII AND ITS PEOPLE, by L. H. Jarrett, and HAWAII AS THE CAMERA SEES IT, by E. M. Welty. So far as the folk lore of the islands is concerned, there is excellent material available. The Yale University Press published for the Hawaiian Legend and Folk-Lore Commission two studies, AT THE GATEWAYS OF THE DAY and BRIGHT ISLANDS, and the Vassar College Coöperative Bookstore brought out a third series, HAWAIIAN FOLK TALES. If I am not mistaken, it was on one of these compendiums that Padraic Colum was working a few years ago when he came back from the islands so full of enthusiasm for them. There are, of course, a number of records of visitors to the islands available—HAWAII AND THE SOUTH SEAS (Coward-McCann), by E. Walker and J. Spiess; and HULA MOONS (Dodd, Mead), by D. Blanding, to mention no more than two. As for fiction the best novel on Hawaii—and the only one of which I know that doesn't rely upon the moon and languor and beauty of scenery for its effects—is THE LORD'S ANOINTED (Doubleday, Doran), by Ruth Eleanor McKee, an account of the coming of the missionaries. That's a really good tale. To go back to houses for a final word. The pictures in the Britannica which I consulted in my general assault on reference books which might conceivably yield a clue to the information H. G. W. desires, show nothing between the grass huts of the natives (and I take it H. G. W. isn't planning to go native and it's not costs of such dwellings that he desires) and most prosaic modern buildings. Perhaps the *Honolulu Star Bulletin* could help him with his quest. Somehow or other, on the basis of the publications I saw quoted as put out by that paper, I've formed a picture of its city room as a place filled with ardent young reporters straining at the leash. Perhaps they'll do a Charlie Chan for him.

### SOME BOOKS ON RELIGION

*W. M. R. Jr. of Houston, Texas,* says that a friend and he plan this fall to discuss by correspondence a small but representative group of books concerning religion. "We are looking," he continues, "for books written by men to whom religion is a matter of living and believing, rather than one of philosophy and theology in the sense of mental hair-splitting." And he wants the books to be widely varying in points of view, and in the main modern.

Where the field is so enormous any selection must be purely one list out of a possible hundred, and for any special book included a dozen others might be substituted. On that basis, here is a group of books which might prove of interest to W. M. R. Jr. and his friend. First, by way of starting off with a volume that has long since won its plaudits, they might read William James's VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE (Longmans, Green) which would serve as background to other works. Of these Baker Brownell's EARTH IS ENOUGH (Harpers), Bernard Iddings Bell's UNFASHIONABLE CONVICTIONS (Harpers), and RELIGION AND THE MODERN MIND (Harpers), edited by C. C. Cooper, would get into focus some of the lines of discussion which liberal religious thinking has followed in recent years. For an approach from the more scientific angle they might choose Bernard Bavink's SCIENCE AND GOD (Reynal & Hitchcock), SCIENCE AND THE UNSEEN WORLD (Macmillan), by A. S. Eddington, J. B. Haldane's POSSIBLE WORLDS (Harpers), a collection of essays, and RELIGION AND THE MODERN WORLD (Stokes), by J. H. Randall, Sr. and Jr. An older book, published some years ago but reissued several times, is William S. Hocking's THE MEANING OF GOD IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE (Yale University Press), should prove fruitful reading. It is an attempt to discover the foundations of religion and to present important trends of philosophical thought as they shape and condition religion.

### HELP FROM CORRESPONDENTS

*Mrs. E. M. C. of Mears, Mich.,* who was so anxious to trace the authorship of ST. OLAVES will be delighted with a note that has come in from *C. H. C. W., Cambridge, Mass.* He writes:

"ST. OLAVES was written by an English lady who became Mrs. Stephenson, wife of a clergyman at one time dwelling in Liverpool, but in the eighteen nineties vicar of St. Botolph, Boston, Lincolnshire. She wrote several other books signed 'By the Author of ST. OLAVES.' I have not read this novel but understand it to describe life in an English cathedral town. I doubt very much if it is in print either in England or the United States."

*M. L. W., of Rock Hall, Maryland,* suggests that *R. J. H. of Toledo, Ohio,* who recently asked for books that would prove useful in preparing for the Foreign Service Examination, would find helpful Birnie's ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE SINCE 1870 (Dial), Mavor's AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA (Dutton), TWO CENTURIES OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY (the author of which he has forgotten), Duff Cooper's TALLEYRAND (Harpers), and Mann's METTERNICH.

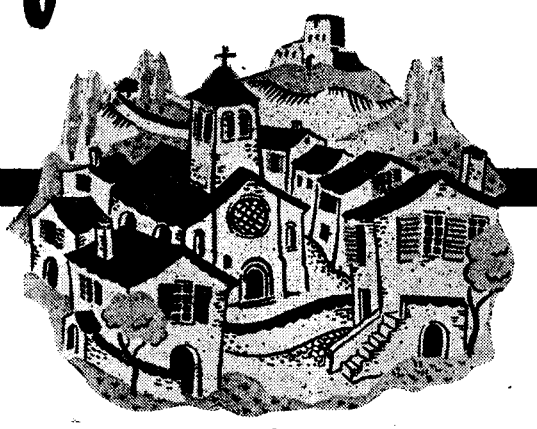
*W. T. of Sudbury, Mass.,* says that apropos of the request of *B. T. of Juneau,* for books on the *First* World War, he would "like to call attention to a unique book on the war, BATTLEFIELDS OF THE WORLD WAR, by Douglas W. Johnson." This volume, he says, constitutes Number Three of the Research Series of the American Geographical Society, and adds: "Professor Johnson was, or is, a teacher of geology who was capable of holding your interest on the driest subjects of geology. His book covers the geology of the war region, some of the whys and wherefores of the tactics, and should have been written before the war."

*M. M. C. of Seymour, Conn.,* apropos of the query of E. H. T. of Wallace, N. Y., in regard to Polish books, calls attention to "the excellent bibliography of Poland compiled by Mrs. Eleanor E. Ledbetter of the Cleveland Public Library," and a note from Mrs. Ledbetter which modestly ignores her own authorship of the volume runs:

> Referring to the leading question in the Clearing House of August 25th, your inquirer will perhaps be interested in a bibliography published by the H. W. Wilson Co. of New York, entitled POLISH LITERATURE IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION, with a list of books about Poland and the Poles; with notes. Price 60 cents.
>
> Most of the titles are annotated and the books about Poland evaluated. It gives in brief compass a very fair idea of Polish literature, and I am sure Miss E. H. T. will find it helpful.

*B. C. S. of Mt. Kisco, N. Y.,* writes: In giving the names of nonsense books on p. 86 of the *Saturday Review* for September 1st you did not mention Laura Richards's "In My Nursery" which was published by Little, Brown in Boston in the 80's. Some of the rhymes were republished in "Tirra Lirra" about two years ago.


This quiet little village



is the scene of a novel that is Europe's new sensation!

**THIS is Fontamara, a quiet hill-town in southern Italy, the home of farmers who have minded their own business, loved their women, tilled their fields, and fought their country's wars for generations. Yet the story of what happened to them was suppressed by the Fascists the moment it appeared—while the rest of Europe took it to its heart! It has been translated into 14 languages, serialized in 16 European newspapers, and has become a best-seller in every country in which it has been published.**

Why was FONTAMARA banned in Italy? You'll never read of a more lovable, sturdy, patriotic, fun-making peasantry than the Fontamarans—old General Baldissera, the village cobbler, unaware that good Queen Margharita has been dead for thirty years, Marietta Sorcanera, forever great with child although her husband was killed in the war; young Berardo Viola, idolized as the grandson of a famous bandit, but happier as the lover of beautiful, desirable Elvira; and many other villagers who gather evenings in Marietta's wineshop to discuss such weighty matters as the Louse of the Holy Father, the latest tax, and the latest love affair. Yet FONTAMARA infuriated the Fascists.

Its narrator will tell you how the Black Shirts came to Fontamara. He will tell you how they stole the water that irrigated the farmers' fields, how they searched the houses and violated wives and sweethearts, how they had taxed everything but the air (and how he suspected they were figuring out a way to tax that, too), how they had chiselled here and robbed there, and how they finally burned the village and many of its people. . . .

It reads as if a man came to you having been through frightful, agonizing experience, bewildered and on the point of exhaustion, and numbly tells you what has happened.

He doesn't tell you why these things happen, because he doesn't know—and couldn't find out—why his neighbors' simple lives should have brought fire, and rapine, and the sword to their homes. But you'll understand why when you have finished this astonishing book, one of the great novels of our time. No novel has moved all Europe so intensely since "Little Man, What Now?" Read it—and you'll know why Mussolini would give his blackest shirt to keep it out of print!

*Coming Monday!*

FONTAMARA

A Masterpiece out of Italy by IGNAZIO SILONE

ADVANCE REVIEWS:

"Excellent . . . . FONTAMARA is burning hot with emotion, but with a sense of proportion, perfect portraiture, and some dry, wry hill-town humor that's like salt in a stew."—DOROTHY CANFIELD. "A book as dark as it is overwhelming."—JACOB WASSERMANN.

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## The New Books

(*Continued from page* 116)

to entertain men by the arts of concupiscence. She is beloved by a soldier of the Punjab—the first man to show her any attention—who steals her away and takes her to his cantonment town in the Punjab without benefit of marriage rites. Financial difficulties impel him to arrange her abandonment and transportation across the frontier, but she seduces the friend selected to abduct her and escapes to join a band of pilgrims en route to the shrine of the saint, Hashim Shah. (Where is there a modern story of India without its band of pilgrims?) And from one adventure she passes on to another and another.

The story ends with Kitti sitting at the seat of custom behind the bars of a brothel in the Bombay district of her early years, holding her sari before her disfigured face.

Light and pleasant reading, if one can be unmoved by normal Indian cruelties, but not reading that is likely to be long remembered.

G. H. S.

*HIGHLAND TWILIGHT. By Ishbel Ross. Harpers.* 1934. $2.

In her third novel Miss Ross has provided a somewhat superior order of competent magazine fiction. Set in Scotland, where the relative strangeness of the milieu augments the story's appeal—there is much mention of Highland customs and sports, settings, costumes, and mental attitudes—the novel treats of the dilemma of Catriona Fraser, brilliant and fairly attractive secretary to the brilliant and very attractive cabinet minister, Herford. Her dilemma arises when, after a passionate interlude with the crofter, Tormod Eyre, she realizes that her eight years of association with her "chief" have made of their relationship something deeper and more permanent than the employer-secretary bond. Conveniently, Herford's wife divorces him. In good measure, Miss Ross adds the touching but irrelevant story of the little parish's minister, who with his wife had inadvertently brought into the world a child who became the moment's most sensational murderer. There is also the situation of Catriona's aunt, whose long, unhappy life culminates in madness.

All these narrative ingredients Miss Ross has set to boil in the same pot, and they make excellent late-summer fare. She has, in effect, written a considerably minor "Lady Chatterley's Lover," with the situations reversed. Catriona in the end rejects the simple, natural man—Tormod Eyre—for the more complex Herford and a life that would not be compounded of the substantial but somewhat dull details of life upon a small Highland farm.

A. C. B.

## International

*THE SOVIET STATE. By Bertram W. Maxwell. Topeka, Kansas: Steves & Wayburn.* 1934. $3.50.

Dr. Maxwell's very solid book represents an attempt on the part of an American professor of history and political science objectively to describe the structure of the Bolshevik government and to portray the relationship of the citizen to the state in the Soviet Union. Already the author of a work on "Contemporary Municipal Government in Germany," Dr. Maxwell brings a sound research method to his task and his exposition is supported by a bibliography and some thirty pages of reference notes.

Quite aware of the danger of taking official statements and legalistic formulas at their face value, his report has evidently been modified throughout—without ever becoming impressionistic or using "color" for its own sake—by a certain amount of first-hand observation. The author's own ideology is pretty thoroughly kept in the background, but on occasion he permits himself such observations as that despite the persisting psychosis of counter-revolution and intervention and its inevitable results, "it can readily be seen that Russia is groping her way to democracy, a democracy radically different, to be sure, from the accepted Western conception." Although obviously not written for entertainment, the book is nevertheless a readable exposition of the outstanding facts which would be looked for by any serious student of the subject.

## Miscellaneous

*MONETARY STATESMANSHIP. By Norman Lombard. Harpers.* 1934. $4.

Readableness is the first requirement of a book on money designed to make an impression on the general public. Mr. Lombard's book is designed for that purpose, and it certainly fulfils this first requirement. The writing is lucid, lively, untechnical; the exposition of elementary principles is simple and straightforward; the controversial argumentation is pungently combative; the factual information, while sufficiently circumstantial to satisfy the reasonable demands of the general reader, is not made wearisome by minute details or elaborate statistics. Accordingly, although the book is chiefly devoted to advocacy of a particular policy, and to stressing the importance of "monetary statesmanship" as the supreme need of the existing economic order, yet it justifies the statement on the publishers' jacket which describes it as "a popular yet comprehensive statement of the entire problem of money, banking, credit, and public fiscal policy taken as a whole."

The chief purpose of the book is to promote the establishment of a currency system so managed as to keep the general price-level constant. Indeed, this may with little inaccuracy be called its sole purpose; for the conveying of general information and the discussion of elementary principles is evidently designed as a necessary foundation for the argument in favor of stabilization of the price-level. That argument—the argument for the "commodity dollar"—is presented with great vigor, and in some parts with considerable acumen; but, though many of the objections that have been urged against this mode of solving the money problem are frankly stated and honestly replied to, the objection which, in the judgment of the present writer, is the gravest is entirely ignored. A law which required the currency to be so managed as to keep the general price-level constant would be open to attack by political pressure whenever any important element of the population was aggrieved by the effect of that regulation upon the particular price-level in which it was vitally interested; agricultural prices, for example, might be (and often have been) falling at the very time that the general price-level was rising; and there would therefore always be danger of unsettlement of the system by legislative interference.

Mr. Lombard's advocacy of this particular method of curing our monetary imperfections is not more strenuous than his insistence on the dominant—the almost exclusive—role played by these imperfections in the causation of the evils of the business cycle. He seems to have no realization at all of the non-monetary influences that go to the creation of booms and depressions—the psychology of optimism and pessimism, and the economic factors which, by gravely affecting not the general price-level but important particular price-levels, produce calamitous disturbances. Indeed the book, while it has many merits, is open to the charge of over-simplification, and disposes too confidently of some difficult questions. Its effective assertion of sound views on such issues as that of overproduction is greatly to be commended; yet it happens that on this very subject Mr. Lombard falls into an amazing logical blunder when he says: "The absurdity of the idea of general overproduction as a cause of poverty or depression is revealed if we apply the method of *reductio ad absurdum*. If we produced nothing, should we all be rich?" To cite this passage as at all typical of the book would be most unjust; but it does show, in an extreme form, that *penchant* for simplification which in some degree impairs the value of many of Mr. Lombard's arguments. An odd but valuable feature of the book is the occupancy of one-third of each of its broad pages by reprinted passages from notable books, articles, speeches, etc., dealing with monetary questions. These are cut off vertically from the rest of the page by a column rule, and are printed in smaller but quite legible type—a curious typographical device but one that is not unpleasing and that adds to the book's attractiveness.

F. F.

## Brief Mention

Among recently issued books of belles-lettres we should note *A Book of Great Autobiography*, 1300 pages of autobiographies by Christopher Morley, Joseph Conrad, Selma Lagerlöf, William McFee, Helen Keller, and others (Doubleday, Doran, $3). * * * Also an interesting special study of the military careers of Byron, Landor, Scott, Coleridge, Gibbon, and Steele, called *Authors-at-Arms*, by C. P. Hawkes (Macmillan, $3). * * * Dodd, Mead & Company publish *Three Masters of English Drama*, a study of Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, Dryden's *All for Love*, and Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, all edited with introductions by R. Ketchum and Adolph Gillis of New York. * * * The eighth volume of the *Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies* continues this series which has contained some very able undergraduate research and criticism. The subjects in this volume range from Chinese landscape painting through journalistic English to the geography of Labrador, and "Why Historians Write History." It is published by Vassar College.

## Latest Books Received

*ART*

*The Buttermilk Tree.* N. Nura, 145 East 40th St., New York City. $6. *Plastic Reconstructions in Twentieth Century Painting.* J. J. Sweeney. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $1.50.

*BELLES LETTRES*

*Collected Essays, Papers, etc., of Robert Bridges.* Oxford Univ. Pr. *Architecture in English Fiction.* W. H. Smith. Yale Univ. Pr. $2.50.

*BIOGRAPHY*

*A Bosporus Adventure.* M. M. Patrick. Stanford Univ. Pr. $2.25.

*DRAMA*

*The Help Each Other Club.* B. Tarkington. Appleton. 50 cents.

*MISCELLANEOUS*

*Industrial Design and the Future.* G. Holme. $7.50. *Playing the Races.* R. S. Dowst and J. Craig. Dodd. $2. *Working Dogs.* E. Humphrey and L. Warner. Johns Hopkins Pr. $3.50. *Gone Rustic.* C. Roberts. Appleton. $2.50. *The Liberty of the Press.* H. Weinberger. Berkeley Heights, N. J.: Oriole Pr. *Outline of Governments.* R. Shaw. Review of Reviews Corp.

*PAMPHLETS*

*How Owners of Homes and Business Property Can Secure the Benefit of the National Housing Act.* Washington: Federal Housing Administration. *From Protectionism Through Planned Economy to Dictatorship.* G. Cassel. London: Cobden-Sanderson.

*SOCIOLOGY*

*The Family.* J. K. Folsom. Wiley. $4.

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October Sixth
October Sixth
October Sixth

ON October 6th *The Saturday Review* will publish its special TENTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER. With a photographic cover in colors, with announcements of the important Fall books, with articles surveying the past decade in American letters, this is one issue you will certainly not want to miss. The full table of contents is too long to enumerate here, but the leading essay will be ILLUMINATORS OF THE ABYSS, a skull-crunching article by H. L. Mencken. There will be a poem by Robert Frost, and many more photographs of our literary lions at work and at play as snapped by Robert Disraeli. Your subscription to *The Saturday Review* ($3.50 for one year) if mailed this week, will assure you of your copy of this particularly desirable number.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
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## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

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## William Morris

THE centenary of the birth of William Morris on March 24, 1834, will be celebrated in various ways this year. I have endeavored to list below some of the various events that have come to my notice. More on Morris will follow.

PUBLICATIONS

"In Memoriam, William Morris," *Philobiblon*, vol. VII, part 4. Vienna, Reichner, 1934.

Herbert Reichner's *Philobiblon*, that fine journal of the graphic arts, has issued a special William Morris number. In addition to the regular issue in paper covers, there is a *de luxe* edition of one hundred copies (with large-paper printing of some of the essays, and original leaves from Kelmscott Press books).

The contents include tributes by Miss May Morris (her broadcast of February 9 printed in two colors by the Shakespeare Head Press) in both English and German; an original contribution by Sydney Ward on William Morris and his paper-maker, Batchelor; a lengthy article by Frederic W. Goudy, with some words on Morris's influence on American printers; a reprint, by the L. C. C. Central School of Arts and Crafts, of Morris's "Note on His Aims in Founding the Kelmscott Press," and Cockerell's "Short History and Description," (from the last book printed at the Press); and a considerable number of reproductions of pages and decorative motifs and press marks from Kelmscott Press books, pictures of Kelmscott House, and of the Albion press used by the Press (and later by Charles R. Ashbee at the Essex House Press and now owned by the Shakespeare Head Press.)

Miss Morris's article, if somewhat thin, recalls the actual Morris to mind; Mr. Goudy's tribute, if rather too heavily loaded with personal reminiscences and not too closely related facts, does give due credit to Morris for the influence he undoubtedly had on many American publishers and printers of the nineties. The transcript of letters between Morris and Batchelor is a distinct contribution to Morris material. And finally the wisdom of Mr. J. H. Mason in printing the contribution of the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Caslon type and not attempting to imitate Morris's typography must be applauded—not because Caslon is superior to Golden or Troy, but because no one can use the latter as successfully as Morris did, and Caslon can be used successfully.

Altogether this Morris number of *Philobiblon* is a fine tribute to the great English craftsman, from Central Europe which has accepted many of his typographical tenets so enthusiastically.

* *

From the Book Club of California comes a folio sheet showing on facing pages a page from the Chaucer as printed in the so-called "Chaucer" type, in two columns, and a trial set-up of a page in one column in the "Troy" type (the earlier and larger model of the "Chaucer.") There is included in the folder ar explanatory broadside, printed in two columns in somewhat the Morris manner, but with a handsome semi-gothic face of modern cut. The whole forms a fine souvenir of the Kelmscott Press typography, and has been produced by the competent press of the Grabhorn brothers in San Francisco.

* *

*A PRE-RAPHAELITE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL in the Collection of Mrs. E. L. Doheny of Los Angeles, Being an essay... by Anna Cox Brinton. Los Angeles: Privately Printed.* 1934. 150 *copies.*

In the years between 1870 and 1875 Morris completed five manuscript volumes and began several more, written and illuminated with great enthusiasm and much skill. One of these, the Æneid, is now owned by Mrs. E. L. Doheny of Los Angeles, and forms the basis for a handsome small quarto volume from the press of Ward Ritchie of the same city.

The description of the volume (a description which is a bit marred, it must be confessed, by that sentimentality which seems always to overcome writers about Morris), is written with much intelligence and a nice balance between the formal bibliographical record and the popular treatise. We commend it as an admirable way to do this sort of thing. The Æneid itself, as attested by the two pages in reduced facsimile, is a handsome and lovely piece of work, possessing not the less interest that it is the combined effort of Morris, of Burne-Jones, of Fairfax Murray, and, to a smaller degree, of Graily Hewitt and Louise Powell.

The printing of this account of the Æneid has been done by Ward Ritchie, who has set it in "Centaur" type, and printed it on hand-made paper. There are three heliotype reproductions, and a line-block of a border.

* *

*AN ANNEXE TO THE KELMSCOTT PRESS. London: Frank Hollings.* 1934. 1 sh.

This is an interesting list of the more important Kelmscott Press ephemera, including unique and previously unrecorded trial forms for "The Well at the World's End." It is an important supplementary volume to the existing bibliographies of the Kelmscott Press.

* *

Under the editorship of Mr. J. E. Roebuck, the Walthamstow Antiquarian Society has issued a volume of appreciations of William Morris, written by some twenty-seven different authors. I have not yet seen the volume, but it would appear to contain tributes from pretty much every Englishman who might be expected to pay tribute to Morris's many-sided activities.

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS.

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"English literature," reports the London *Observer*, "is poor in songs for special occasions. At a dinner of the Dante Society some years ago, the Poet Laureate (Alfred Austin) had proposed the toast of the evening, and the toastmaster had announced in sonorous tones: 'Ladies and gentlemen, the toast is Dante.' There was a momentary pause, and then the pianist dashed to the rescue with 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'"

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## PERSONALS

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Once more *The Inner Sanctum* returns from a European sojourn to resume its pristine place next to pure reading matter.

Before renewing these intermittent encyclicals on the word traffic, your correspondents can summarize the march of time since their last column by listing the titles published *in absentia.*

| TITLE | AUTHOR |
|---|---|
| *The Unpossessed* | TESS SLESINGER |
| *Modern Art* | THOMAS CRAVEN |
| *The Life of Our Lord* | CHARLES DICKENS |
| *Cross Word Puzzle Book No. 31* | HARTSWICK, BURANELLI AND PETHERBRIDGE |
| *Marriage Or Its Equivalent* | TRAVIS HOKE AND DR. X |
| *A Chinese Testament* | S. TRETIAKOV |
| *Magic Paint* | M. GACHE |
| *New Careers for Youth* | WALTER B. PITKIN |
| *Hitler Over Europe* | ERNST HENRI |
| *Friends and Romans* | VIRGINIA FAULKNER |
| *The Chance of A Lifetime* | WALTER B. PITKIN |
| *Omnibus Believe It Or Not* | ROBERT L. RIPLEY |
| *The Coming American Boom* | MAJOR L. L. B. ANGAS |

From force of habit *The Inner Sanctum* started to describe this list as running through the whole gamut of *flops d'estime, succès de fiasco,* and best sellers rampant, from Ess to Ess. But on making a dispassionate re-check of all the titles, *The Inner Sanctum* made a somewhat embarrassing discovery:

Of the fourteen books published this summer, only two failed to "click"—and those two were really not books at all, but games. All twelve *books to read* made the grade. Some, like *The Unpossessed, A Chinese Testament, Hitler Over Europe, Modern Art, Friends and Romans,* enjoyed critical acclaim of surpassing splendor; some attained the topmost heights of best sellerdom; some did both. Any way you look at it, it was an exciting summer, at 386 Fourth Avenue as well as at Sorrento and Capri.

According to the impartial nation-wide best-seller list summary prepared by The New York Times, *Hitler Over Europe* is now first in Chicago; *Nijinsky* (published in March) is first in St. Louis and Philadelphia; and *The Coming American Boom* is first in many cities throughout the land. As usual, WALTER B. PITKIN has three or four best sellers in high rank all over the country.

The moment the writer of these lines, equipped with copies of *Modern Art* and *Fun En Route,* passed Sandy Hook on April 28th, the Essandess sales chart took a sharp upward turn. While your correspondent made a Dickens pilgrimage in London and the THOMAS CRAVEN grand tour through Italy (in not a single city was he footsore and museum-weary), all New York hailed TESS SLESINGER, All America hailed PITKIN, and all Europe behaved just as ERNST HENRI said it would in his book *Hitler Over Europe.* It was a summer teeming with history-in-the-making.

RIPLEY'S new omnibus *Believe It Or Not* is really two-books-in-one, priced, appropriately enough, in the real believe-it-or-not tradition, at one dollar. Rip still ransacks a continent to verify a single fact. Thursday, September 13 was a Red-letter day for literature, the publication date of *Now In November* by JOSEPHINE JOHNSON, a book definitely marked for the years. *The Coming American Boom* by Major L. L. B. ANGAS sold more than 20,000 copies the first week, as Wall Street cheered *The Inner Sanctum* does not guarantee the boom, but heartily recommends the book as the answer to a nation's prayer and a ray of hope for a dark and weary world *Friends and Romans* by VIRGINIA FAULKNER is generally acclaimed as one of the wittiest books of the year. It is sold *con amore* by all booksellers and published *con brio by*

ESSANDESS

# Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

But who *is* Old Quercus, a bookseller overheard one customer ask another. Oh, came the reply, he's a very old man, he's a veterinarian. In autumn, absurd old Quercus always wrestles with the Meaning of Life, and gets on about as fast as a fly in fresh paint. He has been mending his bungalow out at Lake Ronkonkoma, the most grotesque place in America, and preparing for a hard winter by reading the literature of the oil-burner corporations. If publishers were as clever in their cony-catching copy as (for instance) the Electrol people, more books might be sold. *The Story of Mikeoil,* an illustrated folder about what happens to a particle of oil in an oil-burning furnace, is excellent fairy-tale. But autumn is the time for Still Life paintings. Quercus, rooting round his hacienda, saw several. All nature had taken a beating in two days of rain and gale and was out for a dose of sunlight. A frog on the wet lawn, leaping nimbly between the prongs of the rake. A rumpled robin who had lamed his wing, sitting to bask on a rock. An expectant spider, big with eggs, skipping to dodge the broom in the garage. A snake in the underbrush, a slug on a yellow leaf. Old Q. put the slug on the rim of the birdbath where perhaps the robin would see him. This wasn't quite fair; but to rearrange in trifling details the enormous blind forces around us is all man can hope to do. Anyhow, the slug got away quick. What *is* a processing tax? Is there any on Thought? Might there be a tax on distributing Thought not properly ready for consumption? Quercus put a cluster of red dogwood berries in an old green marmalade pot and retired to the woodshed to make a painting of it.

It is good to note that two favorites, William McFee and H. M. Tomlinson, will be in the bookshops again this season with books in their own peculiarly best vein. McFee, in *More Harbours of Memory,* writes one of his humorously dour prefaces: he goes crabbing for the Young Intellectuals and the Proletarian Thinkers. Good old Mac! He really knows something about the Machine Age and the Working Class, from dungaree experience, and he serves some strong gooseberry juice for the sentimental shellrims. McFee notes considerable changes in the Book World since his first *Harbours* was published (1921). The reading public, he says, "has become larger in volume, less disciplined in taste, more confused and incalculable." There are some brilliantly narrated sea episodes in *More Harbours of Memory;* notably the story, told from the knowledge of engine-room conditions, of S.S. *Tahiti's* broken shaft four years ago. No one can read this without jumping breath; these sea sketches are now tragically timely by reason of the appalling disaster of the *Morro Castle.* Read, if you want some superb piston-straight talk on a subject of huge importance, the essay called *Oil, and the Hairy Ape.* The publisher calls Mac's book "mellow, leisurely." But it also burns with his own high-charge acrid humor and bursts in rockets of color.

Trade Winds is fortunate in its occasional correspondents. Leroy MacLeod, for instance, author of that fine novel *The Years of Peace,* and a new one *The Crowded Hill,* writes of adventures while driving West this summer. "Although we had cats in the car, a mother and three sucklets, none of them were black and we carried a horseshoe for extra precaution. In Pennsylvania, which is much longer than the map shows, we had our first blowout beside a barnlot gate and invested in a new tire. Through Ohio, which we toured both straightwise and diagonally, we gave numerous charity to mechanics who could not help us—until one near the Indiana line sold us a new distributor top and made us promise to send him a post card if it worked. In Indiana, where, woe is me!, I was born, the sun laid us low for ten days, I endeavored to examine the time-scorched files of the Crawfordsville Journal and Lebanon Patriot with the mercury over 100° above fans. I pumped water on the farm of my old buddy for cows with Sahara-camel stomachs; while my wife helped in an equatorial kitchen and thought up new and more accurate descriptions of my native land. We slept at night out under the hot stars. For seven days we watched the thermometer climb to break the record at 109°.

"Then one cloudy morning, when it rained some place else, we and the cats jumped back into the car and hurried off into the west. We found the heat had been much worse in western Illinois and Iowa —21 days of 100° temperature. Near noon of the second day we were approaching Omaha fifty miles away, feeling sorry for the farmers with their ruined corn and stockless pastures eaten into the dust—feeling sorry at 45 to 50 miles an hour—when in five short seconds we whirred about in the highway and crashed upside down in a five-foot ditch.

"We came to on our necks and shoulder-blades, righted our sore bodies like turtles, and crawled out of the dripping dark into the sunlight. We sat and stood on the ditch bank watching the four wheels spin to a stop, while the farmer and his family came running and the passersby halted and formed in line." Mr. MacLeod is now working on a new book, in a log cabin in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. Oh yes, in regard to the lucky horseshoe, he adds "It is still in Iowa, where I threw it at the telephone pole across from the farmer's gate."

SPLIT SECOND EXPOSURE NUMBER 5

By LOUIS GREENFIELD

(*Continued*)

The book racket in the "including the Scandinavian" countries is one that brings less headaches to the publishers, booksellers, and book buyers than in the United States. In the first place there are fewer tomes knocked out and secondly their distribution places them in more bookshops and in the hands of more readers than in other lands. Of course the above dope is all in proportion to the population of the three countries—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. The eleven million citizens that strut around in these Northern lands go big for American and English authors. And for the record the translation quotas of American and English books far exceed the German list which headed the parade about twenty years ago. Jack London ranks top of all American writers among the Scands. James Oliver Curwood, Sinclair Lewis, and Pearl Buck are other high rating authors.

From Gustav A. Wetterstrom, manager of Bonnier Publishing House, 561 Third Ave., we gather a flock of information concerning the various best sellers among Scandinavian books. This house is one of the largest bookshops dealing exclusively with Scandinavian literature.

Sweden—This country has a terrific yen for all information concerning the United States. Two of the current tomes that are peddling at an encouraging speed are *U. S. A.—I Ornens Tecken,* by Anna Lenah Elgstrom, and *Vi Titta Pa Amerika,* by Maud Von Rosen. The former book is an economic study of the U. S. under the N.R.A. while the latter is one of contemporary American life from the early days of prohibition and Al Capone to the present time. Both of the gal authors have been around us quite a bit and the Swedes like them. The current best sellers in Sweden in fiction are: *Kap Farval,* by Harry Martinsson; *Harvets Vagabond,* by Arthur J. Jacobson, and *De Fyra Marskalkstavarna,* by Marika Stiernstedt. Among the non-fiction leaders are *Host,* by Selma Lagerlöf—a book of letters; *Tonen Frau Havet,* by Anders Osterling—poems; and the other two volumes mentioned above. Such old timers as Dr. Sven Hedin, Edwin Bjorkman, and Dr. Axel Munthe are always much in demand. Incidentally the author of *The Story of San Michele* is now quite feeble and almost blind.

The Swedes in New York are renting and buying Gösta Larsson's *Our Daily Bread.* This book written in English is soon to appear in a Swedish translation.

Norway—In this hard, rough, and open country the reading masses go for hard, rough books. Knut Hamsun, Johan Bojer, and Sigrid Undset are the most continuously read authors in Norway. Next in line to American authors the recent book of Hans Fallada's *Little Man—What Now?* is enjoying heavy sales. Among the recent Norwegian books that can be classified in the best selling group are *Jode,* by Theodor Findahl—a book dealing with the Jewish problem; *Paul Gauguin,* by Edward Munch—a study of the famous French painter by Norway's greatest painter; *Etapper,* by Sigrid Undset—a book of essays; *Huset og Havet,* by Johan Bojer—fiction; and *Agner I Stormen* by Sigurd Christiansen—fiction.

We'll get to the Danes and Finns later.

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